# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE

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## LA COQUETTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The blossoms of Spring were beneath us,
The myriad stars were above,
In the shade of the oriel window
I stood with my beautiful love;
Oh, his tresses were yellow as amber,
His eyes had a tremulous shine,
When he 'prisoned my hand and entreated
"Beloved! when wilt thou be mine?"
And I said—"When the blossoms beneath us
With the flowers of summer entwine—
My lord, thou mayst cease from thy wooing,
For then I will surely be thine!"

'Twas Summer,—the sweet Minnesingers,
The birds, were attune in the grove,
In the shade of the oriel window
I stood with my beautiful love;
Oh, his locks were as black as the tempest,
His eyes were like gems in a shrine,
And solemn and slowly he murmured,
"Beloved! when wilt thou be mine?"
And I said—"When the birds are migrating,
And the winds with their music are rife—
Oh, then I shall cease to be maiden,
For then I'll consent to be wife!"

The pulses of Autumn were sinking,
Its voice had the plaint of the dove,
In the shade of the oriel window
I stood with my beautiful love;
Oh, his hair was as brown as the chestnut,
And his hazel eyes sparkled like wine—
When he bent down his proud head and pleaded
"Beloved! when wilt thou be mine?"
And I said—"When the leaves that are crimson
Are changing to yellow and dun,
O then our two lives like the waters
Will mingle forever in one!"

'Tis Winter,—all muffled and silent,
The snow-drifts come down on the plain—
In the shade of the oriel window,
I linger and listen in vain;
For the blossoms of Spring have departed,
The birds of the Summer have flown,
The leaves that were crimson *are* yellow,
And I am lamenting alone!

*Philadelphia, Jan. 17th, 1860.*

## THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.


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### CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN CHESNEY'S HOME.

The setting sun was streaming into the pretty drawing-room of a pretty house in that western suburb of South Wennock called the Rise; a small white house, built in the villa fashion. It was enclosed from the road by iron railings, to which a sloping lawn bent down from the windows—a grove of thick shrubs, and trees that would some time be tall, intervening between the lawn and the railings. It had been a wet and boisterous day, but as the sun neared its setting, it suddenly broke forth to shine upon the world, as if it would in compassion accord a glimpse of warmth and brightness to the passing day, which had been longing for it.

Three ladies sat in the drawing-room; or, rather, two ladies and a young girl. They were the daughters of Captain Chesney, and there was a marked difference in their respective ages; as is apt to be the case in families where the father serves his country, whether by sea or by land, and his absences from home are of long duration. Jane Chesney must have been nearly thirty years of age; she was a peculiarly quiet-looking, lady-like young woman, with drooping eyelids and light hair. She sat at a table with some bits of paper before her, that bore the appearance of bills, and an account-book. There was a patient, wearied look about her, which seemed to say that her life was not free from care.

Touching the keys of a piano with a masterly hand, but softly, too, as if she would subdue its sound, with her large, brilliant brown eyes flashing with a radiant light, and her exquisite features unusually beautiful, sat Laura Chesney. Two or three-and-twenty years of age, she yet looked younger than she was; but of middle height, slight and graceful, with the charm of a peculiarly youthful manner, Laura never was taken for her real age, and none detected her extreme vanity.—Girls are vain; beautiful girls very vain; but it has rarely entered into the heart of woman to conceive of such vanity as tarnished the heart of Laura Chesney. It was the one passion of her life, the great passion which overpowered the otherwise good seeds implanted in her, and rendered them dormant. Not that vanity was her only failing; she had others. She was self-willed, obstinate, and of a rebellious spirit. Latterly another passion had taken possession of her, one which seemed to change her very nature, and in which even her vanity was lost. She was dressed in a handsome striped silk dress, with hanging sleeves of costly lace shading her delicate arms, on which were golden bracelets. Jane was in a violet merino, somewhat faded, without lace or ornament. And, keeping time to Laura's music, and humming in concert, danced a child in a similar faded merino dress, the frills of her white drawers just peeping below its short skirt, a pretty child of eleven, the youngest of the family; but her dancing, like the music, was quiet and subdued.

In the room above, lay Captain Chesney, a post captain in the navy, upon half-pay, fierce and choleric. He was subject to periodical attacks of gout, and was now recovering from one. At such times he was more noisy and impatient than at others. The means of the family were terribly straitened; the captain had nothing but his half-pay, and what is that to live upon? Captain Chesney's half-pay, too, was encumbered with back debts. Jane bore the brunt of it all—the petty, daily cares and crosses, the putting off of creditors, the scheming how to make their ten shillings go as far as other peoples' twenty, the anxiety for the present, the dread for the future; Jane bore it all meekly, patiently—but it was wearing her out.

She sat now over the last week's bills, leaning her aching head upon her hand, and adding them up. Jane was not a good accountant, few women are, for they are not trained to be so, and she went over their columns more than once. It was not that which wearied and damped her; it was the glance at the sums total, and the knowledge that these bills could only be put aside with those of many, many weeks back, unpaid.

She pushed them from her, and leaned back in her chair with a sobbing sigh.

"Lucy, child, I wish you would not dance so; it puts me out."

The little girl turned round.

"I'm sure I am not making a noise, Jane."

"You are worrying yourself over those wretched bills, Jane! I wonder you get them about at night!" exclaimed Laura. "Do you know what I should do?"

"What?" asked Jane; languidly.

"I should just let things go on as they can, without tormenting myself."

"Let things go on as they can!" echoed Jane, in a tone of pain. "Oh, Laura!"

"Why, what good can you do by worrying and fretting over them? What good *do* you do?"

"Do you not understand, Laura, that somebody must fret and worry over them; and that, if I were not here to do it, it must be papa?"

"Well, he is more fit to battle with such matters than you. And it is his own imprudence which has brought it all on; if it were not for those nasty back debts, recklessly encountered—"

"Be silent, Laura!" authoritatively interrupted Jane. "How dare you cast a reflection on my dear father?"

Laura's face fell; she did not like the reproach.

"Papa is as dear to me as to you, Jane," she presently said, "but I am not a stick or a stone, and I cannot but feel the difference between our position in life, and that of other young ladies in our rank; ours, nothing but pinching and perplexity; theirs, all flowers and sunshine."

"Laura, there's a skeleton in every closet; and no one can judge of another's sorrows.—The lives that look to us but flowers and sunshine, may have their inward darkness, just as ours have. No one knows where the shoe pinches, remember, but those who wear it."

"You are talking nonsense," said Laura.—"What other young lady—in saying a young lady, I mean an unmarried lady, one still sheltered from the world's cares in her father's home—has to undergo the trouble and anxiety that you have?"

"If I can but save trouble and anxiety to my dear father, I shall think myself repaid," answered Jane Chesney.

"And who, save us, have to live, barred up in a house, not daring to visit or be visited, lest it might increase, by a few shillings, the weekly expenditure?"

"Hush, Laura, do not take to repining; that will be the worst of all. It is our lot, and we must bear it patiently."

Laura did not seem to bear it very patiently just then. She laid her hands on the instrument, and played passionately, as if finding a vent for her anger. The little girl had leaned against the window frame and listened, her small white hands clasped before her, and her soft brown eyes, not less beautiful than Laura's, but with a sweeter expression, turning from one to the other of her sisters, as each had spoken. Suddenly there came a thumping on the floor above, as with a heavy walking-stick.

"There, Laura! that's because you played out so loudly," cried the little girl. "I forgot myself to-day, when I was practising, and took my foot off the soft pedal, and down came papa's stick, as if he would have knocked the floor through."

Laura Chesney rose, closed the piano, not quite so gently as she might have done, and went and stood in the window, her brown hair acquiring almost a golden tinge in the sunlight.

Thump! thump! thump! went the stick, and Jane sprang from her seat.

"It is not the piano; papa must want something." But ere she could leave the room, a voice, loud and imperious, was heard above. "Laura! Laura! It is for you, Laura," said Jane; "make haste up."

Laura Chesney caught up a little black mantle, which lay on the back of a chair, and threw it over her shoulders; it partially hid the beauty of her dress, which was much trimmed with fringe and ribbon, and it covered the lace sleeves; next she tore off her gold bracelets, left them on the table, and flew up stairs.

"Jane," began the little girl, "if Laura thinks that papa would be angry with her for wearing that best dress every day, and mamma's golden bracelets, why does she wear them?"

A puzzling question for Jane Chesney to answer—to answer to a young mind, which was being moulded for good or for ill.

"Laura is very fond of dress, Lucy, dear; perhaps she thinks papa is less fond of it."

"Papa is less fond of it," returned the child; "at least, less fond of seeing us wear it. I think he would like us to continue in these old merinoes till—oh, till it's time to put them on again next winter."

Jane sighed.

"Dress is expensive, Lucy, and you know—"

"Yes I know," answered the child, filling up the pause come to by her sister. "But, Jane, I want to ask you something. What did you mean by saying there was a skeleton in every closet?"

"Come hither, Lucy." She held out her hand, and the child came forward, and placed herself on a stool at Jane's feet. Jane took her hand in hers, and Lucy sat there, while she spoke, looking upwards to her calm, placid face.

"If mamma had lived, Lucy, perhaps you might not have needed to ask me this, for she would have taught you and trained you more efficiently than I have done—"

"I'm sure, Jane," interrupted the child, her large eyes filling with tears, "you are as good to me as mamma could have been, and you teach me well."

"As we pass through life, Lucy, darling, *troubles come upon us; cares, more or less* heavy—"

"Do they come to us all, Jane? To everybody in the world?"

"They come to us all, my dear; it is the *will of God. I do not suppose anybody is without them.* We know what our own cares are, but sometimes we cannot see what others can have—we cannot see, and can scarcely believe, that they have any. We see them prosperous, with pleasant and plentiful homes, nay, with wealth and luxury; they possess, so far as we can tell, health and strength; they are, so far as we can see, a happy and united family. Yet it often happens that these very people, who seem to us to be so fortunate as to be objects of envy, do possess some secret care, so great that it may be hastening them to the grave before their time, and all the greater because it has to be concealed from the world. Then we call that care a skeleton in the closet, because it is unsuspected by others, and hidden from their eyes. Do you understand now, Lucy?"

"Oh, yes. But, Jane, why should care come to everybody?"

"My child, I have just told you it is the will of God. You are young and lighthearted, Lucy, and you cannot yet understand the *need* of care. It comes to wean us from a world that we can stay but a little time in—"

"Oh, Jane! we live to be old men and women!"

Jane Chesney smiled; care and its bitter fruits—bitter to bear, but sweet in the end—had come to her early, and made her wise.

"The very best of us live but a short time, Lucy—for you know we must speak of time by comparison. Three-score years and ten here, and ages upon ages, life without ending, hereafter. Well, dear, care and sorrow and disappointment come to draw our love from this world, and to teach us to long for the next—to long for it, and to prepare for it. Care comes from God, and *nothing* comes from Him but what is good for us."

"Why do people hide their care?"

"It is in our nature to hide excessive sorrow and excessive joy; they are both too sacred to be talked of with our fellow mortals; they are hidden away with God. Lucy, dear, you are too young to understand this."

"I shall look out for the skeleton now, Jane. When I see people who seem a little dull, I shall think, Ah, you have a skeleton in your closet."

"It exists where no dullness is apparent," replied Miss Chesney. "I remember meeting with a lady—it was before we came to South Wennock—who appeared to possess every requisite to make life happy; she was lightheartened and cheerful, and one day, when I had grown intimate with her, I remarked to her that if any one ever appeared free from care, it was herself. I shall never forget her answer, or the deep sadness that rose to her face as she spoke it. 'Few, living, have been so afflicted with anxiety and care as I have been; it has come to me in all ways; and, but for God's support, I could not have borne it. You must not judge by appearances, Miss Chesney.' The answer took away my illusion, Lucy, and the tears rose to my eyes, in echo to those which earnestness and remembrance had called up to hers."

"What had her sorrow been, Jane?"

"She did not say, but that her words and emotion were only too true, I was certain. She appeared to be rich in the world's ties, having a husband and children, brothers and sisters, having all, in short, *apparently* to make life happy. The skeleton exists where we least expect it, Lucy."

"Suppose it ever comes to me, Jane! Should I die?"

"No, dear," laughed Jane Chesney, "it does not come to run away with people, after that fashion; it rather comes to teach them how to live. I will repeat to you a sentence, Lucy, which you must treasure up, and remember always. 'Adversity?'—adversity is but another name for care and sorrow, no matter what their nature," Jane Chesney broke off to say—"'Adversity hardens the heart, or it opens it to Paradise.' When it shall come to you, the great ugly skeleton of adversity, Lucy, you must let it do the latter."

"Adversity hardens the heart, or it opens it to Paradise," repeated Lucy. "That is a nice saying, Jane; I like it."

Meanwhile Laura had hastened up stairs at her father's summons. Captain Chesney was reclining in an easy chair, his feet extended out before him, on what is called a rest. The feet were swathed in bandages, as gouty feet sometimes must be; he was quite helpless, so far as the legs were concerned, but his tongue and hands were the reverse of helpless, the hands kept up the noise of the stick perpetually, and the tongue its own noise, to the extreme discomfort of the household. He was a short man, sailor-like, with overhanging brows, and large, brilliant, brown eyes, like Laura's and Lucy's.

"Was that you, playing?"

"Yes, papa."

"Oh. It was not Lucy?"

"Papa! you know that Lucy could not play like that."

"A good thing for her," roared Captain Chesney, as a twinge took him," for I should have ordered her to be whipped first, and sent to bed afterwards. How dare you annoy me with that horrid, squeaking, strumming piano? I'll sell it."

As a day never passed but Captain Chesney uttered the same threat, it made little impression on Laura.

"Where's Jane?" he went on.

"She's at those everlasting bills, papa," was Laura's *reply, who, truth to say, did not* regard her father with the excessive reverence and affection that Jane did.

"Ugh!" retorted the captain, "let her throw 'em behind the fire."

"*I* should," put in Laura, but the assenting *remark greatly offended him, and for* five minutes he kept up an incessant scolding of Laura.

"Is that inquest over?" he wound up with.

"I don't know anything about it, papa."

"Has Carlyon not been up?"

"No," replied Laura, bending to smooth the pillow under her father's feet, lest the sudden accession of color, which she felt rush to her cheeks, should be noticed. In doing this, she unwittingly touched the worst foot in the worst part, and the unhappy captain, one of the most impatient to bear pain that the gout ever came to, shrieked, shook his stick, and finally let off some of his quarter-deck language.

"Papa, I am very sorry; my hand slipped," she deprecatingly said.

"Did you ever have the gout, Miss Laura Chesney?"

"No, papa."

"Then perhaps you'll exercise a little care, when you are about those who do, and not let your hand 'slip.' Slip indeed! it's all you are good for, to agonize people, and put them in a passion. What do you do here? Why don't you let Jane come up?"

"Why, papa, you called me!"

"That cantring piano! I'll send for a man to-morrow, and he shall value it, and take it away. What's the reason that Carlyon doesn't come? He's getting above his business, is that fellow. I have a great mind to turn him off, and call in one of the Greys. I wish I had done so when we first came here; *they* are attentive. You shall write him a note, and tell him not to put his foot inside my gate any more."

Laura's heart turned sick, sick lest her father should execute his threat.

"He could not be dismissed without being paid," she said, in a low tone, hoping it might have weight; and the captain growled.

"Has Pompey come back?" he began again.

"Not yet, papa. He has scarcely had time—"

"But I say he has had time," intemperately interrupted the captain. "He is stopping loitering over that precious inquest, hearing what's going on there; one fool makes many. I'll loiter him with my stick when he returns. Give me that."

The captain rapped his stick violently on a table in his vicinity, pretty nearly causing the saucer of jelly, which stood there, to fly off it. Laura handed him the saucer and teaspoon.

"Who made this jelly?" he asked, when he had tasted it.

"I—I daresay it was Jane," she replied with some hesitation, for Laura kept herself entirely aloof from domestic duties, and knew no more than the man in the moon how they went on, or who accomplished them, further than that it must be between Pompey, the black servant, Rhode, the maid, and her sister, Miss Chesney.

"Is it made of calves' feet, or cow-heels?" continued the captain, growling and tasting. "If that's not made of cow-heels, I'm not here," he decided, in another minute. "What does Jane mean by it? I told her I would not touch jelly that was made of cow-heel—wretched stuff!"

"There, papa, I believe you are wrong; I think Jane ordered some calves's feet," returned Laura, really knowing nothing about it, but desirous to appease him; and the irascible old sailor, somewhat mollified, resumed his pursuit of the jelly.

"What did Clarice say?" he asked.

"Clarice?" repeated Laura, opening her eyes. "When, papa?"

"When? why when Jane heard from her, the other morning. Tuesday, wasn't it? This is Thursday."

"Jane did not hear from Clarice, papa."

"Jane did, miss. Why should she tell me she did, if she didn't? So you want to keep it from me, do you?"

"Indeed, papa," persisted Laura, "she did not hear from her, that I know of. And she would have been sure to tell me."

"You be shot," growled the captain; "and serve you right, for trying to hoodwink your father. A pretty puppet I should be in your hands, but for Jane; she knows better. Here, put this down."

Laura replaced the saucer on the table, and finding herself at liberty, quitted the room and went back to her sisters.

"Papa is so cross to-night," she exclaimed; "finding fault with everything."

"Illness does make a person irritable, especially a man," spoke Jane, soothingly, ever ready to extenuate her father. "And papa, you know, has been accustomed to exact implicit obedience in his own ship, just as if he were captain of a little kingdom."

"I think the sailors must have had a fine time of it," said Laura, and Jane forbore to inquire in what light she spoke it; she could not always be contending. "What was the jelly made of, Jane? calves' feet, or cow-heel?"

"Cow-heel."

"There! papa found it out, or professed to; though I am sure the nicest palate in the world cannot tell the difference, when it's flavored with wine and lemon, as his is. He said he wondered at you, Jane, putting him off with cow-heel, and I was obliged to tell him it was calves' foot, to pacify him."

*Jane Chesney sighed deeply.* "*Calves' feet* are so very dear! I did it for the best. If papa only knew the difficulty I have, to go on at all."

"And any one, but you, would tell him," returned Laura. "Jane, have you heard from Clarice lately?"

*Miss Chesney lifted her eyes, somewhat in* surprise. "Had I heard, Laura, I should not be likely to keep the fact from you. Why do you ask that question?"

"Papa says that you heard from her on Tuesday: that you told him so. I said you had not heard, and he immediately accused me of wanting to keep the news from him."

"Papa says I told him I heard from Clarice?" repeated Jane. "Stay," she added, as a recollection appeared to come to her, "I know how the mistake must have arisen. I mentioned Clarice's name to papa, hoping that he might be induced to break the barrier of silence and speak of her. I said I thought we should soon be hearing from her. And I do think so."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because—because—" Miss Chesney spoke with unusual hesitation—"I had on Monday night so extraordinary a dream. I am sure we shall hear from her before long."

Laura Chesney burst into a laugh. "Oh, Jane, you'll make me die of laughter some day, with those dreams of yours. Let us hear what it was."

"No, Laura; you would only ridicule it."

Lucy Chesney stole up to her eldest sister. "Jane, tell me, do tell me: I shall not ridicule it, and I like to hear dreams."

Jane shook her head in that decisive manner from which Lucy knew there was no appeal. "It was not a pleasant dream, Lucy, and I shall not tell it. I was thinking very much of Clarice on Tuesday, in consequence of the dream, and I mentioned her name before papa."

"Was the dream about her, Jane?"

"Yes, dear. But I should be sorry to tell it to any one: in fact, I could not; not with pleasure to myself."

"Miss Chesney," interrupted a servant entering, and addressing Jane, "there's that coachman come again, and he vows he'll see the captain, whether or no."

"Tell him Captain Chesney is ill, and cannot see any one," imperiously answered Laura.

"It's of little good my telling him, Miss Laura: he declares that he'll stop there all night, but what he'll see the captain, or some of the family. He bade me go in, and not waste my breath over him, for he shouldn't take an answer from me."

"I will go to him, Rhode," said Jane, in a faint voice. "Oh, Laura," she added, sinking into her chair again as the maid retired, "how sick these things make me! I could almost rather die, than see these creditors whom I cannot pay."

At that moment Captain Chesney's stick was heard in full play, and his voice with it, shouting for Jane. He brooked no delay when he called, and Jane knew that she must run to him. "He may keep me a long while, Laura; I do not know what it may be for—I do wish he would let me sit with him, to be at hand. Laura, could you, for once, go out to this man?"

"If I must, I must," replied Laura Chesney, "but I'd rather go a mile the other way. Though indeed, Jane, I have no more right to be exempt from these unpleasantnesses than you."

"You could not manage with them as I do, you would grow angry and haughty with them," returned Jane, as she ran up stairs. "Coming, coming, coming, dear papa," she called out, for the stick was clattering furiously.

Miss Laura Chesney proceeded down the gravel walk which swept round the lawn, and looked over the gate. There stood a man in a respectable velveteen dress. He was the proprietor of a fly in the neighborhood, which Captain Chesney had extensively patronized, being rather given to driving about the country; but he had not been found so ready to pay. The captain possessed a sailor's proverbial carelessness with regard to money: it was not so much that he ran *wilfully* into expense, as that he ran *heedlessly* into it: it never occurred to the captain when he ordered the fly for an hour or two's recreation, and would seat himself in state in it, his legs up on the seat before him, his stick in his hand, and one of his daughters by his side, that the time of settling must come. Very pleasant and sociable would he be with the driver, for there lived not a pleasanter man, when he pleased, than Captain Chesney, and the driver would lean down from his box, and touch his hat, and tell about this place they were passing, and the other place. But the time of settling had come, was long past; a deal of money was owing to the man, and he could not get it.

"Captain Chesney is ill, he cannot be seen," began Laura: "can you not take your answer?"

"I've took too many such answers, miss," replied the applicant. "Here I come, day after day, and week after week, and there's always a excuse ready. 'The captain's out,' or 'the captain's ill:' it is time there was a end to it."

"What do you want?" asked Laura.

"Want? why my money. Look here, miss: I'm a poor man with a wife and family to keep, and my wife sick abed: if I can't get that there money that the captain owes me, it'll be the ruin of me; and have it I must and will."

He spoke in a civil but yet in a determined tone. Laura wished from her very heart that she could pay him.

"Here you have been, miss, the captain and some of you ladies, always sending those in my fly, a hindering me from letting it to other customers as would have paid me: and when I come to ask for my just due, nobody's never at home to me."

"*Is it much?*" asked Laura.

"*It's seven pound, twelve shilling. Will* you pay me, miss?"

She was startled to hear it was so much.

"I wish I could pay you," she involuntarily exclaimed. "*I* have nothing to pay with."

"Will you let me in, then, to see Captain Chesney?"

"When I tell you he is ill, and cannot see you, I tell you truth," replied Laura. "You must come when he is better."

"Look here, miss," said the man, "you won't pay me, perhaps it's true that you can't, and you won't let me in to see the captain, who could; so perhaps you'll give him a message from me. I'm very sorry to annoy any gentleman, but I must do it in self-defence: and now this is Thursday, and as true as that we two, miss, stand here, if the money ain't paid me between this and twelve o'clock on Saturday, I'll take out a summons against him for the debt."

The man turned away as he spoke, and walked rapidly down the hill, and Laura leaned on the gate. She was not so often brought into contact with this sort of unpleasantness as Jane, and perhaps it was well she was not, for Laura would not have borne it placidly. She felt at that moment as if any asylum, any remote desert would be a haven of rest, after her father's home.

Suddenly she lifted her head, for one was approaching who had become to her dangerously dear. A rich damask flushed her cheek, and her eyelids fell over her eyes, that they might hide their loving light, and her hand trembled as it was taken by Mr. Carlyon.

"My darling! were you watching for me?"

She neither said yes nor no; the bliss of meeting him, of being in his presence, of feeling her hand in contact with his, was all-sufficient, rendering her far too confused to answer rationally.

And did Mr. Carlyon love her? Yes, with a powerful and impassioned love. He had been a man of wayward passions, stopping at nothing which could promote their gratification, and there were some passages in his bygone life which it would not do to glance at; but his heart had never been awakened to *love*, to pure, spiritualized love, until he knew Laura Chesney. For some little time now, it had been his ardent desire, his purpose, to make her his wife; and for Mr. Carlyon to *will* a thing was to do it. Laura anticipated strong objection from her father and her family; Mr. Carlyon cared no more for objection than for the idle wind.

"Papa has been so impatient for you, Lewis," she murmured.

"Is he worse to-night?"

"Oh, no; only irritable."

"Now, which shall I do, Laura? I have to make a call higher up, on Mrs. Newberry, this evening. Shall I go there at once?"

"I think you had better just come in to papa first, if only for a few moments, and then perhaps you could come in again and pass an

hour, after you have been to Mrs. Newberry's."

She touched the spring by which the gate was opened, a spring unknown to troublesome customers, and Mr. Carlyon entered. He held out his arm to escort her to the house.

"No, Lewis," she whispered, with a rosy blush; "Jane is at the window."

"So much the better, my dearest. Yes, Laura, I will have you take it," he added, placing her hand within his arm. "You told me you preferred their becoming accustomed to it by degrees, to my speaking outright to Captain Chesney; but, Laura, I promise you one thing, that I very soon shall speak out, for before a month shall have flown over our heads, you shall be my wife."

Jane and Lucy were looking on to the lawn, and they saw their sister advance, leaning on the arm of Mr. Carlyon. Jane's face expressed its astonished disapprobation, and even the little girl was conscious that—according to the notions of the family—it ought not to have been.

"Jane, do you see Laura?"

"Laura is thoughtless, my dear, and forgets herself."

Mr. Carlyon went up stairs to Captain Chesney. He looked into the drawing-room as he came down to greet Miss Chesney. She and Laura were alone in it, for Lucy had disappeared. Jane returned his salutation very coldly.

"You have made but a short visit to papa, Mr. Carlyon," she then remarked.

"I am coming in again after I have seen a patient higher up the Rise. What an unfavorable day it has been, has it not, Miss Chesney?"

"Yes, it has. Do you know whether the inquest is over?"

"Just over. And that is why my visit to Captain Chesney is so late this evening. They had me before them three or four times."

"What is the verdict, Mr. Carlyon?" asked Laura; and the reader may remark that while she had called him by his Christian name, and spoken familiarly when they were alone, she was formal enough with him now, in the presence of her sister. Deceit! deceit! it never yet brought forth good fruit.

"Nothing satisfactory, Miss Laura," he replied. "That the cause of death was poison, but how it got into the draught there was no evidence to show."

"What should you have called 'satisfactory?'" asked Miss Chesney.

Mr. Carlyon smiled.

"When I say unsatisfactory, I mean that it still rests in uncertainty."

"Do *you* suspect any one, Mr. Carlyon?" inquired Laura again.

"Not of wilfully causing the death; but of course I have my own opinion."

"That it occurred through the careless mistake of Mr. Stephen Grey?"

He nodded his head.

"But it is only here, in private, that I would express it; it is a disagreeable office for one medical man to cry down another."

"I do not see that there can be the slightest shade of doubt upon the point," remarked Miss Chesney. "The medicine was taken straight from his house to the sick room, therefore, how else could it have got in? And your having smelt the poison when it was brought up, is a sure proof that it must have been in. Has anything come out about the poor young lady's connections, or who she was?"

"Not anything," replied Mr. Carlyon. "They cannot even discover her Christian name."

"And have you not found out who it was who recommended her to you?" proceeded Laura.

"Not as yet. I have written to some of my London friends, inquiring if they did so. But, you see, there is great uncertainty in every way, for we are not even sure that she did come here from London."

Laura resumed,

"She was beautiful, was she not, Mr. Carlyon?"

The surgeon paused ere he replied.

"In health, and up and dressed, she may have been very good-looking; but I did not see her dressed, you know."

He bade them farewell for the present as he spoke, and departed to pay the visit he had mentioned. Miss Chesney immediately took her sister to task.

"Laura, could it be, that I saw you approach the house, on the arm of Mr. Carlyon?"

Laura Chesney was standing at the window, watching the surgeon's receding form, her face turned from Jane. A good thing it was so, for the red hue overspread it and dyed it to its brow.

"It was not seemly, Laura. Mr. Carlyon is but a surgeon—a man, so far as we know, without connections—and you are a Chesney."

"*With* connections," spoke up Laura, "and much good they do me."

"Laura, dear, we are, as may be said, of the *noblesse*, and we may not lose caste."

"I think we lose caste, as it is, with these wretched, paltry debts hanging over us," exclaimed Laura, in a petulant tone. "They degrade us pretty well."

"You mistake, Laura; you look at things in the wrong light, if you intended that as a refutation of my argument. In one sense of the word the debts degrade us, because there is always a degradation attaching to these petty debts; but they cannot, for one moment, sully our caste, they cannot touch upon our good birth or tarnish it. What did the fly-driver say?"

"He insists upon the money being paid between now and twelve o'clock on Saturday; failing it then, he will proceed against papa publicly. Jane, I am sure the man will do what he said; he was not loud or angry, not even uncivil, but he was resolute."

"And how is it to be got?" moaned Jane, leaning her head upon her hand. "I would almost sell myself," she added, with a burst of feeling, "rather than worry papa with these annoyances. Oh, if I could but take this trouble more effectually off him!"

"Papa can battle with these things better than you, Jane. And it is more fit that he should."

"It is not more fit," retorted Jane Chesney. "He is my dear, dear father, and I ask no better than to devote my life to warding off care from his."

"Would you wish no better?" asked Laura, in a low, wondering tone, as she thought of the bliss presented for *her* future—the passing her whole life with Mr. Carlyon.

"Nor wish better. There are other petty cares coming upon us, Laura," added Miss Chesney, in a different tone, "Rhode has been giving me warning to leave."

"Rhode has! What for?" quickly asked Laura.

"To 'better herself,' she said. I suspect the true motive is, that she is tired of the place. There is a great deal to do; and people coming to ask for money continually, puts her out of temper. I told her she might go when I could procure a fresh servant. I do not like to keep dissatisfied people in the house."

At this moment Lucy ran in.

"Jane, here's a young woman wants to see you."

"Another creditor," thought Jane, with a sinking heart. "Is it the woman from the fruit shop, Lucy?"

"Oh, no; it's a young woman come about the place, Rhode said, if you'd please to see her. Rhode has taken her into the kitchen."

"A young woman come about the place?" echoed Miss Chesney; "I do not understand it. It is not an hour since she told me she must leave. Ring the bell, Lucy."

Rhode came in. Miss Chesney spoke to her with quiet dignity.

"Miss Lucy tells me there is a young woman come after the situation; it is but now you informed me of your wish to leave. How did the news get abroad?"

Rhode turned red, but she put on a defiant look, as if she could be insolent, if she saw fit.

"I have made up my mind to it some days, Miss Chesney, and I dare say I may have spoken of it abroad. The young woman says Mrs. Fitch, of the Lion, told her of the place."

"Show the young woman into the dining room," said Miss Chesney.

"Mind, Jane," said the child, as her eldest sister was proceeding to the dining-room, "don't you engage her if she is cross and disagreeable, like Rhode."

"The servants have little to do with you, Lucy, so it cannot matter much as far as your comfort is concerned."

In the dining-room stood a very neat young woman, dressed in mourning. She looked steady and thoughtful, and her broad brow betrayed both sense and intellect. The reader has met her before; it was Judith Ford; and Jane Chesney liked her at the first glance. In leaving the Red Lion, after the inquest was over, Mrs. Fitch had informed her that the Chesneys wanted a servant, and Judith thought it well to go up at once.

"I understood it was a housemaid who was required, Miss," she observed, to Miss Chesney, after stating her name and where she had lived, "but your maid says it is a cook."

"In point of fact, it may be said to be both," replied Miss Chesney, "for we require a young woman who can undertake both duties, what is called a servant-of-all-work. We are gentlepeople, and highly connected," she hastened to add, not in a spirit of proud, foolish boasting, but as if it were due to their own dignity to explain so far; "but my father, Captain Chesney, has an exceedingly limited income, which renders it necessary that we keep as few servants as possible."

"Should I be the only one, ma'am?"

"Except the man. We keep a man servant, who attends upon papa, waits at table, and such like. Perhaps you never lived as both cook and housemaid?"

"I did once, ma'am; and should have no objection to do so again. I have always lived in gentlemen's families, never in tradespeoples."

"We could not take a servant from a tradesperson's family," returned Miss Chesney, who was deeply intrenched in her aristocratic prejudices. "Where is it that you say you are staying—No. 14 Palace Street? Why, that must be close to where that shocking death has just taken place."

"Next door to it, ma'am," replied Judith.

"Did you see the young lady?" breathlessly inquired Miss Chesney.

"Several times, ma'am. They could not get the nurse for her that they wished, and Mr. Stephen Grey, who saw a good deal of me in my last place, was glad that I could be with her. It was an awful thing," added Judith, "wherever the blame may lie."

"That, of course, lies with Mr. Stephen Grey; there cannot be two opinions about it."

"There *can*, ma'am," replied Judith, in her quiet but impressive way. "The jury, to go no further, were of a different opinion."

"I can understand their verdict; they did not like to pronounce one against their fellow-townsman."

"Ma'am, the case altogether is enshrouded in awful mystery," spoke Judith, her own voice sounding mysterious as she uttered it. "It may come to light some time. I trust it will; and, whenever it does, it will be found that Mr. Stephen Grey was innocent."

"Do you deem there was no mistake made in the medicine?"

"I feel persuaded there was none. I believe the young lady was murdered, as intentionally and deliberately as any lady ever was in this world."

"By whom?"

"Ah, ma'am! there it all lies. That's the mystery that nobody can fathom. People were saying, as they came out of the inquest room, that, but for the strange face seen by the other surgeon, Mr. Carlyon, the verdict might have gone against Mr. Stephen Grey."

"What strange face was seen by him?" uttered Miss Chesney, in wonderment.

"When he had paid his visit to Mrs. Crane, the night of the murder, he thought he saw a man's face on the stairs as he was leaving.—The coroner seemed to think a good deal of that circumstance; it's a pity but everything connected with the matter could be brought to the broad light of day."

"*Seemed* to think—you don't mean to say that you were at the inquest!" uttered Miss Chesney; "I never heard of such a thing; a servant to come straight from a coroner's inquest to see about a situation!"

"I have come from it now, ma'am," quietly replied Judith. "Though I had known the young lady but three or four days, I had learnt to love her, and since she died I'm sure I have hardly taken food. I couldn't have rested without hearing the evidence; and I'm very glad I did hear it," emphatically added Judith. "And, for all I knew, I might have been called upon to give evidence, too, as I had been with the lady; so it was as well, in all ways, to be on the spot. My being at the inquest will not make me the less good servant, ma'am," said Judith, with a smile.

Miss Chesney could not avoid returning her smile. And, dropping the subject of the death, she proceeded to converse further with Judith respecting the business which brought her there.

It was dark, or nearly so, when Judith left. She was not engaged, but Miss Chesney had promised to engage her, provided her character suited. As Miss Chesney entered the drawing-room quietly, for she was in deep thought, a choking sensation of pain, of dread, came rushing over her, for she fancied she saw her sister's face lifted from the bosom of Mr. Carlyon. She *must* have been deceived, she repeated to herself in the next moment; yes, she must have been deceived.

But he was certainly standing there; they were standing together in the slight rays of light that came in at the window. Jane Chesney's eyes appeared to open to much that had hitherto been obscure—to Laura's anxiety of late to be well dressed, to the beaming look of radiant happiness which had taken possession of her face, to her unaccountable restlessness when they were expecting Mr. Carlyon: was it all caused by her love of him?

"Why are you in the dark, Laura?" she sharply said, crossing the room to ring the bell. "And where is Lucy?"

"Lucy is with papa, Jane. He called for you, and she went to tell him that you were engaged. Will the person suit?"

"It is a future consideration," retorted Jane, scarcely able to conceal her keen vexation. "How long have you returned, Mr. Carlyon?"

"Long enough to talk secrets to Laura," he laughingly replied, in a bold spirit. "And now I must go up to Captain Chesney."

He met the black servant carrying the lamp in, as he quitted the room. The man turned to close the shutters: he was getting quite an old man now, and had been Captain Chesney's servant for many years.

"Let the shutters be, for the present, Pompey," said his mistress. "Come in again by-and-by. Laura, what is this?" she impatiently added, when the man left the room.

Laura Chesney stayed at the window, dark as it was, apparently looking out: *she* was not going to be the one to enlighten her sister.

"What is what?" she asked.

"What did Mr. Carlyon mean—that he had been talking secrets to you? And he presumptuously spoke of you by your Christian name!"

"It was a foolish remark, Jane."

"Laura—I thought—I saw you—leaning upon him," whispered Jane, as if the subject were choking her.

"You are fanciful," returned the younger sister: "you always were."

Jane Chesney felt that the words were uttered in subterfuge.

"Oh, Laura!" she exclaimed, in agitation, "I have heard of young ladies allowing themselves to be on close, familiar terms with men, receiving homage from them, in their vanity; but I did not suppose such could penetrate to our home. Surely you have not permitted your-self to acquire a liking for Lewis Carlyon?"

Laura was silent.

"Laura," she continued in a sharp, ringing tone of pain, "*do* you like him? Oh take care what you are about: you know you could never marry Mr. Carlyon."

"I do not tell you that I like him," faltered Laura; "but why could I not marry him?"

"You! the daughter of Captain Chesney marry a common surgeon! the niece of—"

"There, don't go on, Jane. I don't see what good my being niece to those grand people does me. Does it bring plenty to our home? does it bring us the amusement and society we have a right to expect? Jane! there are times when I feel tempted to go and do as Clarice has done."

"It would be far better for you than marrying Mr. Carlyon," returned Jane, in a hushed voice. "Were he our equal, he would not do for you."

"Why?"

"I don't know how it is that I have taken such a dislike to him," proceeded Jane, in a dreamy tone. "Laura, I *cannot bear* Mr. Carlyon: it seems to me that I would rather see you in your grave than united to him."

"But I ask you why?"

"I cannot explain it. For one thing—but I will not speak of that. You have accused me, before now, of taking prejudices: I have taken one against him. I pray you, think no more of Mr. Carlyon."

Jane ceased. She reached her work-basket, and was taking from it some useful work, when Captain Chesney's stick was heard, violently rapping, and Lucy came flying down the stairs.

"Oh Jane," she exclaimed, "Lady Oakburn's dead!"

Jane dropped her work, and Laura started round from the window.

"Poor thing!" exclaimed Jane: "but she was old and ailing, so it may be a happy release."

"*Lady Oakburn*, I said, Jane," continued Lucy, in the same excitement. "The young Lady Oakburn, not our aunt, the dowager. And there's a little baby dead, with her."

Again came the stick, worse than before, and Jane, followed by her sisters, ran up stairs. Captain Chesney was on the sofa, in excitement little inferior to Lucy's, and Mr. Carlyon was seated at the table, evidently at a loss to understand the cause of the tumult. The captain brought down his stick on the table after his own fashion.

"Take up that newspaper, Jane, and see what it is that Lucy has stumbled upon in the deaths."

The newspaper was one which Mr. Carlyon had left with Captain Chesney at his earlier visit that evening, but which the captain had not yet looked at. Lucy's eyes had fallen on its death-column, as she stood by the table, while her father talked to the surgeon. Jane now searched and read in the births:

"On the 12th instant, in South Audley street, the Countess of Oakburn of a daughter."

Then in the deaths:

"On the 14th instant, in South Audley street, aged twenty-one, Maria, the beloved wife of the Earl of Oakburn.

"On the 14th instant, in South Audley street, Clarice, the infant child of the Earl of Oakburn."

Jane's voice ceased, and the captain brought his stick down on the floor with one melancholy thump, like the staff of Uncle Toby in his colloquy with Corporal Trim.

"Gone!" uttered he; "the young wife gone before the old grandmother!"

"Did you know the parties, sir?" asked Mr. Carlyon.

"Know them, sir!" returned the choleric captain, angry at having, what he deemed, so foolish a question put to him, "I ought to, for they are my blood relations."

"I was not aware of it," returned the surgeon.

"No, sir, perhaps you were not aware of it, but it's true, for all that. My father, sir, was the Honorable Frank Chesney, the second son of the tenth Earl of Oakburn; and the late earl, eleventh in succession, and father of the present earl, was my own cousin. It's a shame that it should be true," continued the captain, his stick noisily enforcing every other word, "a shame that I should be so near the peerage of England, and yet be a poor half-pay navy captain! Merit goes for nothing in this world, and relationship goes for less; if the late earl had chosen to exert himself, I should have been an admiral long ago. There *have* been Admiral Chesneys who distinguished themselves in their day, and perhaps I should have made no exception," he concluded, with a most violent accession of the stick accompaniment.

"They named the little child 'Clarice,' you see, papa," observed Jane.

"As if the old dowager would let them name her anything else!" cried the captain. "You don't know the Dowager Countess of Oakburn, probably, Mr. Carlyon; the present earl's grandmother?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"You have no loss. She is his grandmother, and my aunt; and of all the pigheaded, selfish, opinionated old women, she's the worst. When Jane was born"—nodding to his daughter—"she says to me, 'You'll name her Clarice, Frank.' 'No, I won't,' I said, 'I shall call her by her mother's name'—which was Jane. The same thing over again when Laura was born. 'You'll name *her* Clarice, Frank, and I'll stand Godmother.' 'No, I won't,' I said, 'I shall name her after my sister Laura'—who had died. And then she and I had a lasting quarrel. Her own name's Clarice, you see. Yes! I am as near as that to the great Oakburns (who are poor as church mice for their rank, all the whole lot) and I'm a half-pay captain, hard up for a shilling!"

"Are there many between you and the title, sir?" asked Mr. Carlyon.

"There's not one between me and the title; if the earl should die without children, I am Earl of Oakburn. What of that? He is a young man and I am an old one. He'll soon be marrying again, and getting direct heirs about him."

"I think if I were as near the British peerage as that, I should be speculating upon reaching it," laughed Mr. Carlyon.

"And prove yourself a fool for your pains," retorted the blunt sailor. "No; it's bad enough, looking after old men's dead shoes, but it's worse, looking after young ones'. I thank goodness I have not been idiot enough for that; I never, sir, never allowed myself to glance at the possibility of becoming Earl of Oakburn. There was also another heir before me, the young earl's brother, Arthur Chesney, but he died; got into a boating row at Cambridge a year or two back, and was drowned. Jane, you must see to the mourning."

Jane's heart sank with dismay at the prospect of the unexpected cost.

"Need we go to the expense, papa?" faltered she.

"Need we go to the expense!" roared the captain, his tongue and his stick going together, "what do you mean? You'd let the young countess go into her grave, and not put on mourning for her? You are out of your senses, Miss Chesney."

In the dark hall, as he was going away, Mr. Carlyon found himself in contact with Laura. He strained her to his heart.

"My darling! my promised wife!" he softly breathed. "If they should deny you to me, I will *steal* you from them."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Hope is the last thing that dies in man, and though it be exceedingly deceitful, yet it is of this good use to us, that while we are travelling through life it conducts us in an easier and more pleasant way to our journey's end.—*Rochefoucault.*

☞ Humboldt said, ten years ago, "Governments, religion, property, books, are nothing but the scaffolding to educate man. Earth holds up to her master no fruit but the finished man."

☞ Bulwer says that "death often changes aversion into love." Certainly it does; we may have an antipathy to sheep and swine, and yet love mutton and pork.

☞ An eccentric old gentleman, being waited upon with his surgeon's bill, cogitated some time over its contents, and then desired the man who called with it to tell his master that the medicine he would certainly pay for; but as for the visits, he should return them.

☞ Did the man who ploughed the sea, and afterwards planted his feet on his native soil, ever harvest the crops?

☞ A Lady's Invitation to a Walk—Circum-ambulate.

☞ A young widow has established a pistol-gallery in New Orleans. Her qualifications as a teacher of the art of dueling are of course undoubted; she has *killed her man.*


# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1860


## TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $3, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

## "THE FRIENDS."

Three works have recently been published in England, bearing upon the question of the decline of Quakerism. They are thus briefly noticed in the *London Athenæum*:—

*Quakerism, Past and Present; being an Inquiry into the Causes of its Decline in Great Britain and Ireland.* By J. S. Rowntree. *The Peculium; an Endeavor to throw Light on some of the Causes of the Decline of the Society of Friends.* By Thomas Hancock. (Smith, Elder & Co.—*A Fallen Faith; being a Historical, Religious, and Socio-Political Sketch of the Society of Friends.* By Edgar Stephenson, M. D.—(Piper & Co.)—These works carry on the discussion on the causes which have attenuated and enfeebled the Society of Friends. The first and second were written as prize essays, and were rewarded, the one by a hundred, and the other by fifty guineas, from the purse of a private gentleman. Mr. Rowntree speaks of social isolation, quietism, dress, language, and marriage rules as principles of decay. The regulations concerning mixed marriages have driven thousands from the fold. Mr. Hancock treats of "the idea of Quakerism," of schism among the Friends, of discipline, of conduct, and of the want of harmony between Quakerism and the nineteenth century. Mr. Stephenson takes somewhat hostile ground, and describes Quakerism as physically, mentally, and socio-politically obstructive, as unhealthy, and as hurrying towards total annihilation; a result which, in his view, will not be regretted by the real "friends" of humanity and religion."

There is another cause, as we think, not alluded to in the above notice, of the decline of the Society of Friends. We mean, their silent mode of worship. Granting that the highest worship is *silent* worship—and there is much in what Carlyle says, or quotes—"Speech is Silvern, Silence is Golden"—still it requires a mind of a highly spiritual cast, to sit for one or two hours in silence, with the thoughts and feelings all gathered into the one circle of religious veneration. To keep the mind from wandering to business and social themes, in such a state of quietude, is a difficulty which the masses of men find it almost impossible to surmount. In fact—taking the masses of men as they are—it is almost impossible for them even to appreciate the possibility of a silent worship of one hour's duration. Now what men cannot appreciate, they must necessarily revolt from, and therefore it it is, as we think, that Quakerism declines—large numbers leaving the denomination, who occupy the middle ground between that high spiritual development which finds all motion and language an obstruction to its rapt contemplation of the Divine, and that low spiritual condition which sees no important objection to sitting idly for an hour or so every Sunday in meeting, thinking of little or nothing.

But, for our part, we see no objection to the diminution of one sect, or the increase of another, except as it indicates a decline in the spiritual condition of the people. Let religious thought and action be free, and men will go where their religious wants and sympathies lead them. To force a man either by legal or social influences, to stay in a church where he does not belong—according to his mental and spiritual constitution—seems to us to be as unjust to him, as unwise on the part of the church. Sects are too apt to confound themselves with Christianity, and to imagine that their decline is the decline of Christianity itself—while a sect is often abandoned, not because of the good that is in it, but because of certain peculiarities which, in the very nature of things, render it distasteful to more than a limited circle of peculiarly constituted minds. And however these obnoxious peculiarities may be overlooked for a time by many, for the sake of certain great ideas also incorporated with the sect, as soon as those ideas are no longer in danger, but admitted into the common life of the world, the peculiarities alluded to will gradually drive off, sooner or later, all whose mental organizations are not in harmony with them. Thus Milton went with the Puritans when Puritanism represented the cause of Civil and Religious Liberty; although it is very evident that the spiritual organization of the great poet—the battle once gained—must have led him outside of the Puritanic pale.

A SINGULAR REQUEST.—A correspondent desires us to furnish him with the addresses of the following personages:—

The Emperor of France.
Queen Victoria.
*Genny* Lind.
*Garret* Smith.
General Scott.

It is some time since we received a letter from any of the above, and therefore we cannot say exactly at what point they at present hail from. If we were writing to *Genny* Lind, we should send the letter under cover to Queen Victoria, and ask her to have it forwarded. Our correspondent, however, who is apparently a very modest man, might not wish to take such a liberty. In writing to the "Emperor of France," we are always very careful not to direct to any particular person—as there is no knowing who may be Emperor by the time the letter reaches Paris. We always direct Queen Victoria's letters to the care of Prince Albert, and send them unsealed. We take this precaution in order to avoid causing trouble between "little Vic" and her husband—as it is well known that a young bachelor of this city, when on a visit to the Court of England, before the Queen's marriage, had only to say "yes" to entitle him to occupy the place of honor afterwards awarded to Prince Albert; and as is not to be wondered at, Prince Albert has been a little jealous of all Philadelphians ever since. If a correspondent writes to *Garret* Smith, he must use either a yellow tinted or brown envelope—as that gentleman never opens a letter with a pure white envelope. As to General Scott, he rightfully requires that every one should address him by his full title—which our correspondent can procure by writing to the Secretary of War at Washington. With these hints as to the proper etiquette in corresponding with such distinguished personages, we leave the subject—only insinuating, in conclusion, that if our correspondent has any barrels of apples, firkins of butter, &c., which he is desirous of distributing, that a more enlightened judgment upon their merits can be obtained at No. 132 South Third Street, Philadelphia, than at any other place.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—We hear with pleasure that we are to have at length an American edition of the complete works of Lord Bacon, and one as superlative in excellence as it is accessible in price. Messrs. Brown, Taggart & Chase, of Boston, have now in press the famous English edition edited by Spedding, Heath and Ellis—the best, and, indeed, the only desirable edition ever published.

Among the superiorities of this edition of Bacon, we may mention the exquisite elegance of the translations (models of pure and beautiful English), the utter completeness of the contents, absolutely *all* of Bacon's writings being included, and the fullness, intelligence and erudition of the annotations. Besides, there is to be a new memoir of Bacon; and Spedding, who has made the first comprehensive study of the subject, promises the complete vindication of the man "who was not for an age, but for all time." Then the price; Montagu's edition, heretofore the standard, sells for seventy dollars. This, altogether superior, will cost eighteen!

The same firm are preparing a new edition of Sir Walter Scott's works, with the memoir by Lockhart.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.—We state, in a preface attached to Tennyson's new poem, on our fifth page, that it is reported that he received fifty dollars a line for it. As there are about 300 lines in the poem, this would amount to $15,000. Another and later account says that he received 250 guineas for the poem, which would be at about the rate of *four* dollars a line. This last statement seems far the more reasonable one. As to the poem itself, while the closing portion is beautiful, it does not seem to us as a whole equal to the average of Tennyson's productions. Our main object in republishing it, we confess, is to satisfy the curiosity of our readers relative to a poem for which so much money was given. Even $1,200—the price which probably was really given—is about twelve times what it is worth, allowing for the reputation of the author besides. But this seems to be the golden age of authors—and they are getting paid up in full for all the shortcomings of the iron centuries past. The grubs of Grub street are emerging into butterflies.

## NOTE FROM MR. OWEN.

*To the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.*

SIR:—Perhaps you will allow me a few words in reply to your critical notice in THE POST of the 21st, of my recently issued work, "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World." They shall be words not at all of complaint, for nothing can be fairer than your admissions that the book is "a cool, clear, well-reasoned plea," and a "valuable contribution" to the subject of which it treats. I desire but a few words in explanation.

You object, in substance, to what you designate "one of the best stories," entitled "The Rescue," as insufficient warrant for what it assumes to prove. It *is* insufficient warrant, as I myself admitted, in these words, which immediately follow that narrative:—"Evidence at second-hand, how reliable soever it appear, might properly be deemed inconclusive, if it stood alone. But if we find others, as we have, directly authenticated, of the same class, furnishing proof of phenomena strictly analogous to those which lie at the bottom of this narrative, there seems no sufficient reason why we should regard it as apochryphal, or, setting it down as some idle, forecastle yarn, should refuse to admit it as a valid item of evidence."—p. 342.

I should not have admitted this story at all though the narrator impressed me as a plain, earnest, truthful man, had I not had others, of recent date, and related to me by the actors themselves, which prove the phenomena involved in this, perhaps the least strongly authenticated of any of the narratives in the book.

What phenomena *are* involved? Two:—First, the appearance of a living person where that person is not; and secondly, an indication of what seems spiritual guardianship. Of the first I shall, with your permission, here furnish

your readers with one out of several examples given in my book, and will ask you to say if you do not think it adequately attested in the "Apparition of the Living, Seen by Mother and Daughter."

I am not at liberty to print the names in full of these two ladies; but shall be happy to communicate them to you, for your satisfaction. They occupy the first position in Washington society. The story is well known to all their intimate friends. Can we imagine that they would palm upon them and upon me, a deliberate, motiveless falsehood?

As an example of the second phenomenon involved, an indication of spiritual agency exerted to preserve life, will you allow me to refer you to the narrative, at page 455, where every particular of name, place and date is given, entitled, "How Senator Linn's Life was Saved."

If these two narratives be admitted, phenomena strictly analagous to those involved in the Captain's story are clearly proved.

In conclusion, permit me to say that my friend, the Baron de Guldenstubbe (on whose authority I have given but *one* story,) is not, nor ever has been, "a professional medium," nor, in the slightest degree, "an interested party." He is a nobleman of independent fortune and position, cultivated and intellectual; and without any interest whatever in these matters, except such as is common to all earnest, reflecting men. I see not a shadow of a reason, not to say "obvious reasons," why his narrative should "have no place" in my work. I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

*Philada., Jan. 23, 1860.*

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The above communication evidently was written by Mr. Owen, upon sight of the criticism in THE POST of the week before last. In our last paper we gave the accounts to which he refers, and which are certainly very well supported. As to the Baron de Guldenstubbe, while it was an error to call him a "professional medium," the recent letter of our Paris correspondent in relation to the wonders that did *not* come off at his residence, gives us the impression that he is entirely too much of a devotee of the new faith, to be a very good witness. We would refer Mr. Owen to the extracts from *his* book, and the editorial comments thereupon, in our last paper, as proof that we are disposed to do him and his labors ample justice.]

# New Publications.

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

One sad star, forever fixed—a growing orb forever—in the Southern galaxy, is the fame of Edgar Poe. The South has a right to be proud of him, her greatest poet, for he stands in the front rank of our men of letters, and has shed new lustre upon American literature, both at home and abroad. In this country, but more especially in Great Britain, the recognition of his genius is steadily on the increase. There is some carping and cavilling: and even among those who value his genius highly, there is some misapprehension of his literary character *and opinions. But, abating for this, the verdict* of our ablest critics is all one way, while in Great Britain the choicest epithets and adjectives of praise are prodigally showered upon his writings.

Meanwhile, at home and abroad, warmly eulogized as an author, he has been severely judged as a man. The judgment, however, has been unfair in this—that it has been made upon his faults alone. He has been judged as Shakspeare would not have judged him, and the verdict has been such as Shakspeare would not have brought against him. To take no note of his virtues—none of any nobilities of his thought or his conduct—to abstract and isolate his faults alone, and form an estimate of his whole character upon traits which at the most only made a part of it—this has been the method pursued with Edgar Poe. Is it just? Suppose some amiable critic should insist upon our estimating the character of the royal minstrel of Israel by the affair of Bathsheba—what should we think of him? Yet it is upon such a principle that this man has been tried and condemned! Worse still, he has been wantonly and elaborately defamed by his biographer, and the spurious statements of that person have been widely received as proven facts. Private literary circles have long known the almost utter falsity of Dr. Griswold's memoir, but not so the public. It is, nevertheless, certain, that whatever Edgar Poe did or was,—and he had faults and committed errors,—he was not, nor did he do, as Dr. Griswold has represented.

The first authentic movement in vindication of the slandered poet, has just been made, in an admirable little volume, entitled EDGAR POE AND HIS CRITICS, by SARAH HELEN WHITMAN. (Rudd & Carleton, New York.) Mrs. Whitman is well known by the rare imaginative beauty of her poems, which have secured her an honorable niche in our literature. She is also known as the lady once engaged to Poe, mentioned in this connection by Dr. Griswold in the memoir, as "one of the most brilliant women in New England." Her relation to the dead poet of course gives her testimony a peculiar authority. But the true force of her book is in the manifest truth of its conception of Poe's character, in its elucidation of the circumstances that went far toward shaping his sorrowful career, and also in its logical disproval of many injurious statements respecting his life and writings, and its presentation of traits and incidents which go far toward establishing a kindlier theory of his life than that now held. Here, for instance, is a story which lets us into the heart of a man who has been described as a monster of unkindness and malice:

"In evidence of the habitual courtesy and good nature noticeable to all who best knew him in social and domestic life, we remember an incident that occurred at one of the soirees to which we have alluded. A lady, noted for her great lingual attainments, wishing to apply a wholesome check to the vanity of a young author, proposed inviting him to translate for the company a difficult passage in Greek, of which language she knew him to be profoundly ignorant, although given to a rather pretentious display of Greek quotations in his published writings. Poe's earnest and persistent remonstrance against this piece of *mechanceta* alone averted the embarrassing test."

Now this is a little thing, but it shows a great deal of character. Does it not show the true and tender heart of the gentleman? Here, too, is a touching evidence of the affection and pity of his nature:

"So far from being selfish or heartless, his devotional fidelity to the memory of those he loved would by the world be regarded as fanatical. A characteristic incident of his boyhood will illustrate the passionate fidelity which we have ascribed to him. While at the academy in Richmond, which he entered in his twelfth year, he one day accompanied a schoolmate to his home, where he saw, for the first time, Mrs. H—— S——, the mother of his young friend. This lady on entering the room took his hand, and spoke some gentle and gracious words of welcome, which so penetrated the sensitive heart of the orphan boy as to deprive him of the power of speech, and for a time, almost of consciousness itself. He returned home in a dream, with but one thought—one hope in life—to hear again the sweet and gracious words that had made the desolate world so beautiful to him, and filled his lonely heart with the oppression of a new joy. This lady afterwards became the confidant of all his boyish sorrows, and here was the one redeeming influence that saved and guided him in the earlier days of his turbulent and passionate youth. After the visitation of strange and peculiar sorrows, she died, and for months after her decease it was his habit to visit nightly the cemetery where the object of his boyish idolatry lay entombed. The thought of her—sleeping there in her loneliness—filled his heart with a profound and incommunicable sorrow. When the nights were very dreary and cold, when the autumnal rains fell and the winds wailed mournfully over the graves, he lingered longest and came away most regretfully."

This belief in the sentient life of the dead, and this tender pity for them, appears again and again with sad sincerity in his poems, which are indeed always historical—faithful transcripts, in every instance, no matter what their allegory, of his inner and outer life. But the point in the above anecdote is the proof it affords of the greatly loving heart of the man who has been so often called heartless. The same quality is shown in his tender care of his wife—a consumptive from her childhood—testified to even by Dr. Griswold who speaks of visiting Poe in an illness brought on by anxiety and long watching at the dying bed.

As a poet he has been strangely accounted deficient in the moral element—accused of being "one who did love Beauty only." Moral editors who daily slander private citizens in public newspapers, have thought him wanting in the moral nature. Yet he himself has said that the poet's office is to celebrate "all noble thoughts, all holy impulses, all chivalrous, generous, and self-sacrificing deeds." We are told that he had no ideas of right and wrong. What are "William Wilson," "The Man in the Crowd, "The Black Cat," "The Tell-Tale Heart," and other tales, but so many dreadful sermons on conscience, on justice, on the sure judgment that follows sin and wrong? What keeps his own thought and speech so pure through all his pages from first to last—not one prurient fancy, not one base double-meaning or indecent allusion anywhere from beginning to end? Vice culls no defending line from anything he ever wrote—wickedness no sanctioning word. Was this because he had *no moral nature—no ideas of right and wrong?* The verdicts of this world are strange!

We commend this eloquent and beautiful little volume, full of strange and tender interest, and touching the sympathies and the imagination in its every line, to the good graces of our readers. It is not a complete work, but a sketch; yet its words have true imaginative depth and infinite suggestiveness, and it constitutes, to the thoughtful reader, a key to a life, full of strange sorrows and errors, yet one which, to know truly, were to regard with compassion and love.

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AUDUBON AND ASTOR.—The following amusing anecdote is told of John Jacob Astor, in the double character of a patron of literature and parsimonious money-holder, which appears to be exceedingly characteristic:

Among the subscribers to Audubon's magnificent work on ornithology, the subscription price of which was $1,000 a copy, appeared the name of John Jacob Astor. During the progress of the work, the prosecution of which was exceedingly expensive, Mr. Audubon of course called upon several of his subscribers for payments. It so happened that Mr. Astor (probably that he might not be troubled by small matters) was not applied to before the delivery of all the letter-press and plates.—Then, however, Audubon asked for his thousand dollars; but he was put off with one excuse or another. "Ah, Mr. Audubon," would the owner of millions say, "you come at a bad time; money is very scarce; I have nothing in bank; I have invested all my funds."

At length, the sixth time, Audubon called upon Astor for his thousand dollars. As he was ushered into his presence, he found Wm. B. Astor, the son, conversing with the father. No sooner did the rich man see the man of art, than he began,—"Ah, Mr. Audubon, so you have come again after your money! Hard times, Mr. Audubon; money very scarce."—But, just then catching an inquiring look from his son, he changed his tone: "However, Mr. Audubon, I suppose we must contrive to let you have some of your money, if possible.—William," he added, calling to his son, who had walked into an adjoining parlor, "have we any money at all in the bank?" "Yes, father," replied the son, supposing he was asked an earnest question pertinent to what they had been talking about when the ornithologist came in, "we have $22,000 in the Bank of New York, $70,000 in the City Bank, $90,000 in the Merchants', $98,400 in the Mechanics', $83,000—" "That'll do, that'll do," exclaimed John Jacob, interrupting him; "it seems that William can give you a check for your money."—*Com. Bulletin.*

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INTERESTING TO WIDOWS.—The Pittsburg Legal Journal gives the following decision of the Supreme Court in this State, in regard to a widow's claim under the Exemption Law:

"The right of a widow to retain real or personal property of her deceased husband's estate to the value of three hundred dollars, is waived entirely, when she neglects to demand an appraisement. If an appraisement be made, and she neglects to retain less than the value of three hundred dollars, she waives her claim to all which she neglects to retain. She has no right to a second appraisement."

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THE Washington correspondent of The Cincinnati Enquirer writes that some excitement was occasioned in "society" there by the appearance in public of the daughters of the Austrian Consul-General *sans* crinoline. A matinee was given in their honor by one of the Diplomatic Corps, and the room was crowded by persons who had forgotten how women looked who were without the great extenders.

# LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE NEW DECADE—A BUSY FORTNIGHT—A BAREFACED MANŒUVRE—FRENCH AND ENGLISH NOBILITY—WOMAN VS. THE NEEDLE—A SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT AT AIR-STEERING.

PARIS, JAN. 5, 1860.

*Mr. Editor of the Post:—*

The year of our Lord, 1860, has of course been ushered in with grand receptions at the Tuileries, a vast number of balls and soirees, and the usual bestowal of New Year's gifts.

With regard to the former of these "signs of the times," the Emperor's reply to the short expression of the good wishes of the Diplomatic body is regarded here as confirmatory of his present desire for peace; and although it is generally understood that the meeting of the long-talked-of Congress is more doubtful than ever, it is believed that the Italians will be left perfectly free to follow out their own wishes in the form of government to be given to Italy, and that the Emperor has at length determined to remain true to his alliance with England. I say "at length," because many believe him to have wavered of late in this determination; though others, including all his personal friends, stoutly maintain that he has never wavered in his conviction of the importance of remaining on intimately friendly terms with England, and that he has always sought to do so. However this may be, it is satisfactory to all who wish for the maintenance of peace, to see that all parties agree just now in believing that the Emperor is determined to remain on friendly terms with his neighbors across the Channel.

No especial novelty, in the sphere of the elegant trifles for which Paris is so renowned, seems to have been brought out this season.—But the shops have nevertheless been as tempting as usual; and the amount of purchasing as great as ever. In spite of soaking rains, and oceans of mud, the streets have presented the appearance of a vast Fair. Booths have been blown over by the wind, but their owners have speedily set them up again; and the chaffering and selling have gone on as briskly as though spring breezes only were blowing. The amount of expense entailed upon gentlemen by the custom of making New Year's gifts to the ladies and children of the houses at which they visit is so great, that people of moderate means often resort to the expedient of running off to the country for a month about this season; a way of turning the difficulty which by no means enhances the regard entertained for them by the rapacious fair ones whom they thus disappoint. As an example of the utterly shameless, barefaced perseverance with which gay ladies here, even of the highest rank, too often angle for presents, let me mention an incident for whose authenticity I can vouch, as the attack in question was made, only a few days since, on a friend of mine, from whom I have it.

This friend, Count de T——, happened to meet, a few days ago, a great lady of the Court, one of the *Dames d'Honneur* of the Empress, who was just going into a fashionable flower-shop here. Being an old acquaintance of the Count's, whose father's chateau is near her own birthplace, and the two having been playmates when children, the Marquise de L—— *always expects* the Count to stop and chat for a few minutes with her when they happen to meet. On this occasion, however, the Count endeavored to pass on his way, after a few words of greeting, for he knew that if a gentleman accompanies a lady into a flower-shop, he is generally victimized by her to the extent of the contents of his purse, and often beyond it. The Marquise is very rich, and, moreover, surrounded by an army of gentleman friends, whose purses are probably at her disposal; the Count is poor, seldom treating himself to a flower, but when he does so, invariably bestowing the fragrant acquisition on his wife, whom he loves as, unhappily, few Frenchmen now-a-days love their wives. He therefore had not the very slightest idea of allowing the grand lady to "do" him out of a couple of hundred francs or so, as she would easily have done had he not been on his guard. But Madame de L—— would not hear of him going on. "She had not seen him for so long; and had so much to say to him. He really must wait for a moment, while she went into the shop to get her flowers."

"Very well," replied the Count, "go in and get your flowers, then; I will wait for you outside. But pray don't be very long, for I have several things to attend to this morning."

Madame de L——, seeing that her old friend was determined not to enter the shop, went in by herself, the Count walking up and down outside the door. But a minute or two after, she came to the door, and called to him, exclaiming, "Jean! Jean! pray come in; I really don't know which flowers to choose for my drawing-room, I must have the aid of your excellent taste to help me!"

Thus called upon, the Count de T. saw that he could not do otherwise than accompany the fair lady into the shop, though protesting aloud that she "could perfectly well choose her flowers without him," and fully determined, in his own mind, that he would not be fleeced by her to even the amount of a *sou*.

All the floral treasures of the shop were now passed in review, and a magnificent collection of plants was speedily made for the *jardinieres* of the Marquise's drawing-rooms. As soon as the selection was made, the Marquise turned to the Count, and remarked, in tones of surprise and annoyance, "Dear me, how very unfortunate! What ever am I to do? I find I have actually come out without my purse! How very disagreeable!"

"I don't see that it is of the least consequence," returned the Count, who, knowing that the rich Marquise knows exactly the amount of his slender income, and doubly disgusted at the selfishness of her desire to prey upon him, and at the barefaced persistence of her attacks, was determined to give her a little lesson—"You are not going to take the flowers home in your muff, and therefore there is no sort of necessity for you to pay for them now. You have only to order them to be carried to your house, and can send back the money by the porter who brings them."

The fair Marquise bit her lips; but she quite understood the intentions of her interlocutor; and the Count went home, to recount the affair, with mingled amusement and disgust, to his wife, rejoicing in the hope that it will probably be some time before the Lady of Honor will again insist on his accompanying her into a flowershop.

The fact is that the enormous rate of expenditure, which is now the order of the day in Paris, draws everybody into more or less pecuniary embarrassment. The most prudent barely keep within their incomes; the less prudent are constantly getting into expenses which they don't know how to meet. Hence speculations and jobbery abound; and every expedient by which ready money can be raised is eagerly resorted to, no matter how questionable its nature.

The whole framework of society in France is so constituted as to "lead into temptation," instead of tending to suggest habits of healthy effort and self-control. The perpetuation of titles, not only in the person of the head of a "noble" family, but in that of all his children, while no adequate pecuniary means accompany the titles so transmitted, each family growing poorer year by year, in consequence of the constantly-recurring subdivision of its property, is decidedly mischievous in its tendency. A class of people is thus kept up whose means are inadequate to the maintenance of the style of life which their titles and family-traditions concur in making them regard as their true and natural mode of existence; and who, for the most part, either vegetate in the condensed and narrow selfishness so generally engendered by the possession of a fixed, but inadequate income, or seek, by dubious speculations, post-hunting, or mercenary marriages, to raise themselves to the possession of larger pecuniary means.

The Emperor has provided for a great number of such people; but their name is "Legion," and not all his ingenuity, nor the gifts he dispenses with a lavish hand, can provide for them all. The number of Dukes and other peers created out of soldiers, by the first Emperor, is something astonishing; and a considerable number have been already made by his present successor. In fact, nearly all the peerages of France have been founded by soldier high in royal or imperial favor, and in this respect, as in so many others, the French peerage offers a striking contrast to that of Great Britain. Not only the feudal barons of the conquest, but also, in olden times, the wealth and commerce of London, conducted by energetic and enterprising men, was a prolific source of peerages. Thus, the earldom of Cornwallis was founded by Thomas Cornwallis, the Cheapside merchant; that of Essex, by William Capel, the draper; that of Craven, by William Craven, the merchant tailor. The modern Earl of Warwick is not descended from the Kingmaker, but from William Greville, the woolstapler; whilst the modern Earls of Northumberland find their head, not in the Percies, but in Hugh Smithson, a respectable London apothecary. The founders of the families of Dartmouth, Radnor, Ducie and Pomfret were respectively a skinner, a silk manufacturer, a merchant tailor, and a Calais merchant; while the founders of the peerages of Tankerville, Dunmer, and Coventry, were mercers. The ancestors of Earl Romney, and Lord Dudley and Ward, were goldsmiths and jewellers; and Lord Dacres was a banker in the reign of Charles I., as Lord Overstone is in that of Queen Victoria. Edward Osborne, the founder of the Dukedom of Leeds, was apprentice to William Hewet, a rich clothworker on London-bridge, whose only daughter he courageously rescued from drowning, by leaping into the Thames after her, and whom he eventually married. Among other peerages founded by trades, are those of Fitzwilliam, Leigh, Petre, Cowper, Darnley, Hill, and Carrington. The founders of the houses of Foley and Normanby were remarkable men, the story of whose lives furnishes ample proof of the value of energy and perseverance.

It is not everybody, however, whose efforts, in earning money, however honestly and perseveringly made, are thus splendidly rewarded. Who is not painfully familiar, for instance, with the cruel exhaustion and shortening of life, through overwork and underpay, in the case of by far the greater number of women who live by their labor, especially in the department of needlework to which the lower classes of working women are to a great extent so unwisely and unjustly restricted. For some time past a person named Auguste Baudouin, earning his living as a porter, and noted for his industry and good conduct, has been living in the neighborhood of Poitier. Eight months ago, this person was arrested at Chatellerault for robbery, was sentenced to five years imprisonment for that offence, appealed against this sentence, and was removed to the prison of Poitiers to await the hearing of his case. Last week, a suspicion that the prisoner was really a woman having entered the jailor's mind, an examination was made, and the fact was ascertained. In answer to the questions addressed to her on the subject, the prisoner stated that she had assumed man's attire because it was easier for men to earn their living by labor than for women; but she refused to give any account of herself or her family. In spite of her strong repugnance, she was compelled to put on woman's attire, and was removed to the female ward. Three days ago, she refused to get up, saying that she was ill; and two hours afterwards she was found hanging by the neck, quite dead, having hanged herself to the bar of the window with her pocket-handkerchief.

A new candidate for the honor of "inventing" the problem of aerial navigation, is just exhibiting his air ship in the deserted precincts of the Palais de l'Industrie. It consists of a large bag of gold beater's skin, in the form of a fish, full of hydrogen gas; is hooped with iron, and carries a small boat fitted with various contrivances for propulsion. The tail of the fish serves as a rudder. The machine is several yards long, *and heavier than atmospheric air*, so that, left to itself, it slowly descends. In the car or boat is a small steam-engine, of a power equal to that of one man; it serves to drive the propellers fore and aft, constructed on the screw principle; there are also four rotary planes, which may be so adjusted as to make the apparatus rise or fall according to an inclined plane. The model exhibited being too small to bear the weight of a man, the exhibitor remains on *terra firma*, keeping it secured by means of a rope; but he does not guide the machine with it, for the rope remains slack, being only held in the hand when it is necessary to pull the machine down to the ground in order to adjust something in the gear. But the one remarkable fact demonstrated by this invention is, that air may be managed like water by means of a paddle or screw; for, to the surprise of the intelligent beholder, this machine, which, as already stated, is heavier than the atmosphere, rises of itself as soon as the propellers are put in motion. Hence it differs materially from the common balloon, which derives its ascentional power exclusively from the difference of specific gravity existing between hydrogen and atmospheric air. The machine also obeys the rudder exactly as if the latter were acting in water. It is therefore a decided step in advance of the attempts hitherto made, in so far as the *possibility* of air-steering is concerned. Its practical value, however, can only be determined by actual experiment upon a much larger scale.

QUANTUM.

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AN ACCOMPLISHED FORGER AND HIS WIFE, NEGRO, &c.—In the account given by the Pittsburg Chronicle of the arrest, in that place, of a man named Ross or Cross, for a recent forgery in this city we read:

The officers were not long in tracing him to one of our principal hotels, where, with his mistress, and a negro, purchased some time ago at an expense of $2,000, he was leading a life of ease and luxury. Visiting the hotel, they found the negro and the "lady" in their room, apparently the happiest couple in the world. Both were placed under arrest, and the gentleman himself making his appearance some time after, he too was taken into custody. The whole were then, with as little delay as possible, prepared for a journey east, and at three o'clock this morning, were taken to the cars and hurried east as fast as steam could carry them.

The parties, it would appear, came to the city on the 2nd of the present month, and have been stopping here since. Cross, the principal, is a heavy-built man, with huge, black whiskers, and an appearance of undoubted respectability. He dressed elegantly, and was altogether as fine a specimen of a solid, well-to-do gentleman as you could pick up anywhere. The negro, whose name is Robert Burnell, *alias* Smith, was nearly white, and, like his master, dressed in the very pink of fashion. So little of African blood has he in his veins that he was regarded as a white man at the hotel, and it was only after his arrest that the proprietor discovered that the individual on whom he had been lavishing such attention for the past two weeks, was neither more nor less than a slave. His master treated him at all times as his equal. They visited the restaurants in company, playing billiards together, and associated at all times on terms of perfect equality.

The lady was by all odds the most interesting of the three. Young and beautiful, she dressed in a style of magnificence that rendered her an object of general attention on the streets, and made her the cynosure of every eye. Her crinoline was more expansive, her cloak of a newer cut, and her dress of richer material, than the most fashionable of our city belles, and, wherever she appeared, she became the subject of the most unqualified admiration. She took her arrest very coolly, declaring, with a woman's devotion, that she cared not for herself in the matter, but for him whose happiness was the nearest and dearest wish of her heart. Her name is given as Catharine Ross, and it is believed she hails from the South. She is a most intelligent and interesting woman, and it is a pity her destinies should be linked with those of a man charged with the crimes imputed to her protector.

Notwithstanding the number of forgeries attributed to Cross, but *very little money* was found with him when arrested, and nothing that would tend to implicate him in the offence laid to his charge. He had but $50 altogether, and part of that went to pay his bill at the hotel. He said that one of his accomplices had poached on him, and that it was through this that his connection with the matter was discovered. At all events the officers say that they have a sure thing on him, and that his conviction on three charges of forgery at least is certain.

This statement, says a Philadelphia contemporary, is correct as far as it goes. The slave in question is almost white. When in Massachusetts some time ago, the Abolitionists offered him a ticket by the underground railroad to Canada, a courtesy that he refused without thanking those who offered it. He informed his liberators that if five thousand dollars were offered him in addition he would decline it with equal earnestness. We saw him on Monday night, when he repeated the declaration that nothing could part him from his master. He came to the station-house and removed the baggage of Mr. Cross, which consisted of a number of handsome trunks, with canvas covers. When Cross was first arrested, the faithful fellow offered, if his master were in need of funds, to go direct to Virginia and sell himself to procure them—an offer for which we understand there is no necessity. The resources of Cross are ample. He had provided the sum of $12,000 for the purpose of a tour through Europe, upon which he was about to start, and is supposed to have accumulated a handsome competency.

As to the lady who accompanied him, we can endorse all that the Pittsburg man says of her attractiveness and exquisite taste in matters of dress. It is most deeply to be regretted that her fortunes should be thus linked with an adventurer. As to Cross, he bears his difficulties with entire philosophy. He denies any knowledge of the gang, and unless his confederates betray him, there is no chance of his conviction. It is supposed, however, that Beach, who is a German, of small experience, will do it in order to lessen his own punishment. Cross is now in Moyamensing prison, awaiting trial. To bail him will require sureties of about $5 000, and it remains to be seen whether he will sacrifice that sum to secure his liberation. The woman is greatly to be pitied, and the more so because it is asserted that she had no knowledge that Cross was accumulating money by illegal means.

It is said that Ross was the author of the forged pardon which came very near releasing Huntingdon, the celebrated New York forger, from Sing Sing prison. He has been engaged, it is supposed, in forgeries amounting to nearly $100,000, and although several times on the prison threshold, has always managed to escape. There are three bills of indictment against him here, which he is busily engaged in preparing to meet. He understands the law of forgery thoroughly, having studied it with care. He will be defended by F. Carroll Brewster, Esq., and, in conjunction with him, will conduct his case when it comes to be tried.

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☞ In thirty-one words, how many thats can be grammatically inserted? Answer: four-teen. He said that *that* that *that* man said, was not *that* that *that* one should say; but that *that*, that *that* man said, was *that* that *that* man should not say. That reminds us of the following says and saids: Mr. B., did you say, or did you not say, what I said you said? because C. said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now if you did say that you did *not* say what I said you said, then what did you say?

## EUROPEAN NEWS.

We have four days later news from Europe, by the arrival, at Portland, of the steamship Nova Scotian from Liverpool with dates to the 12th. The American treaty had been put in force in China. Paris dispatches say that it is becoming every day more doubtful whether the European Congress will be held. The Opinione Nationale, which is supposed to speak by authority, believes that if Italy is decided for the annexation of the north and centre of the peninsula, England and France would eagerly acquiesce. The Journal adds that this combination is actually entertained by the governments at London and Paris. The Prussian ministerial organ, though still of opinion that the restoration of the Grand Dukes would have been the most desirable solution of the Italian question, gives up the project as impossible, and thinks that the annexation to Sardinia is by far the next best thing. The demonstration at Dublin, in favor of the Pope, is described as having proved a failure.

In the Times' city article, it is remarked that the President's recommendation that military forces be employed against Mexico exercised no sustained influence on Mexican stock, owing to the knowledge that the matter does not rest in any degree on the will of the President.

The funeral of Lord Macaulay took place at Westminster Abbey on the 9th inst. The remains were interred in the 'poets' corner, in the midst of many of England's most distinguished authors. Among the pall bearers were the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Lord John Russell, Earl Carlisle, &c., and among those present were a great number of gentlemen of eminence, both in politics and literature. The funeral was essentially private, and although divested of all pomp and ceremony, was very impressive.

Lord Cowley had returned to Paris. The *Patrie* says his mission to London was truly one of importance. He is represented by one authority to have announced that Count Walewski's retirement very materially facilitated relations between the Cabinets of France and England.

The news of Count Walewski's resignation had produced a very painful impression on the Pope. He called together the principal members of the Sacred College, and declared to them that he would never fail in the mission which God had entrusted him with but that, like his predecessor, Pius VII., he would suffer exile, and even martyrdom, rather than do so.

The *Univers* is the only paper in Paris allowed to publish the Pope's discourse. The impression produced by the imperial missive is generally favorably regarded at Paris, and produced nearly as much sensation as the pamphlet.

The latest rumors from Paris say General Canrobert was not going to Rome as the successor of the Duc de Grammont, but that he would carry to the Papal Government propositions which, if neglected, would be followed by an order for the evacuation of Rome by the French forces.

All sorts of reports were current as to the relations of France and Rome, but were very contradictory, and wholly unreliable.

It was believed that the Papal troops, reinforced by the Austrians, would enter the Legations, and in that case Sardinia would send a force to the aid of the Roman insurgents.

Charges were rife against Austria of a disguised intervention in Italy.

*Le Nord* directs attention to the recruiting going on in Vienna for the Pontifical army under the eyes of the Austrian Government. An Austrian General directs the operations. They choose the best soldiers disbanded on account of the reduction of their own army, and the most able officers, whose services are now available in consequence of peace. It is just as if they had formed an auxiliary corps of the elite of their veteran troops, and transformed them, by a mere change of uniform, into the army of the Pope.

*Le Nord* adds:—"The conduct of the Cabinet of Vienna, on this occasion, is not merely dishonorable; it entails serious dangers to peace, and on Austria herself. By breaking her word, Austria tears up the preliminaries of Villa Franca, and the Treaty of Zurich, and in her turn forces France from engagements entered into by Napoleon, respecting the restoration of the Dukes, and their restored rights."

In the London Produce market Sugar was unchanged; Coffee steady; Tea very firm, but transactions small; Rice firm; Saltpetre steady, and Tallow firm.

LIVERPOOL, Jan 11.—Cotton is quiet but steady. Wheat and Flour dull, the latter at a decline of 6d. Corn dull. Provisions dull.

The amount of property captured at Kirwee, India, appears to have been enormous. It is stated that the prize money is so immense, that Lord Clyde's share, as Commander-in-chief, in India, will alone amount to £120,000. Sir George Whitlock's share being half of that sum. Captains' shares are estimated at between £3,000 and £4,000, and subalterns at a proportionate figure.

The applications for the new Canadian loan have reached the sum of £12,000,000 sterling.

Cardinal Wiseman, it is said, has promised the assistance of the Irish Brigade to the Pope, if he should need it.

The Circassians were rapidly emigrating to Turkey. Some 16,000 had arrived at Constantinople, and 6,000 more had assembled at Kertch.

Report says that King Victor Emmanuel, on New Year's day, in reply to the hope expressed by the Neapolitan Ambassador that all would be arranged peacefully, used the following language:—"How arranged in peace? Not at all! The cannon will settle that!"

And to the Spanish Minister he is reported to have said:—"Tell your Queen she ought to unite with me, and not believe all these *pastici* of the priests."

THE PAPAL STATES.—A letter from Rome says:—"Money is coming in from Ireland, Bavaria, and the Catholic States of Germany, but the Papal Government wants men. Recruiting is going on by the Nuncio. The recruits from Vienna and Munich arrive here *via* Ancona and Trieste.

"The pamphlet '*Le Pape et le Congres*' was known at the Vatican the same day it appeared at Paris. M. Sacconi, the Papal Nuncio at Paris, had received the proof sheets of it, which he forwarded by a special courier to Rome. The effect produced upon the Pope was immense. The same courier was sent back to Paris with a despatch instructing the Papal representative to ask for a formal and public denial from Count Walewski of any participation of the Government in the pamphlet in question.

"The reply given by the French Minister was evasive, and did not satisfy the Roman Government. A Council of Cardinals was held on the 28th of December, in which the following decisions were adopted:—

"'1. Suspension of the departure of Cardinal Antonelli for Paris until the temporal rights of the Church were recognized as the basis of all discussion in the Congress.

"'2. Immediate increase of the Papal army, for the defence of the States of the Church.

"'Publication of a solemn declaration, condemning the pamphlet *Le Pape et le Congres*.'

"This last decision was put into execution next day, by an official protest in *Giornale di Roma*."

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☞ Friendship is an elective affinity, based upon the spiritual consanguinity, which, though frequently co-existent with, is different from any tie of instinct or blood-relationship.

☞ Loving is inevitably identical with suffering, either with, or for, or from, the object beloved.

# "THE ROCHESTER KNOCKINGS."

Notwithstanding all that has been said about the "Rochester Knockings," we do not remember to have ever met with a full and accurate account of the origin of this singular fact or delusion—whichever it may be—until we met with it in Mr. Owen's book. We quote, therefore, the following account from the "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World:"

## THE HYDESVILLE DWELLING-HOUSE

*Disturbances in Western New York in* 1848.

There stands, not far from the town of Newark, in the county of Wayne and State of New York, a wooden dwelling,—one of a cluster of small houses like itself, scarcely meriting the title of a village, but known under the name of Hydesville; being so called after Dr. Hyde, an old settler, whose son is the proprietor of the house in question. It is a story and a half high, fronting south; the lower floor consisting, in 1848, of two moderate-sized rooms, opening into each other; east of these a bedroom, opening into the sitting-room, and a buttery, opening into the same room; together with a stairway, (between the bedroom and buttery,) leading from the sitting-room up to the half-story above, and from the buttery down to the cellar.

This humble dwelling had been selected as a temporary residence, during the erection of another house in the country, by Mr. John D. Fox.

The Fox family were reputable farmers, members of the Methodist Church in good standing, and much respected by their neighbors as honest, upright people. Mr. Fox's ancestors were Germans, the name being originally *Voss*; but both he and Mrs. Fox were native born. In Mrs. Fox's family, French by origin and Rutan by name, several individuals had evinced the power of second-sight,—her maternal grandmother, whose maiden name was Margaret Ackerman, and who resided at Long Island, among the number. She had, frequently, perceptions of funerals before they occurred, and was wont to follow these phantom processions to the grave as if they were material.

Mrs. Fox's sister also, Mrs. Elizabeth Higgins, had similar power. On one occasion, in the year 1823, the two sisters, then residing in New York, proposed to go to Sodus by canal. But Elizabeth said, one morning, "We shall not make this trip by water." "Why so?" her sister asked. "Because I dreamed last night that we travelled by land, and there was a strange lady with us. In my dream, too, I thought we came to Mott's tavern in the beech woods, and that they could not admit us, because Mrs. Mott lay dying in the house. I know it will all come true." "Very unlikely, indeed," replied her sister; "for last year, when we passed there, Mr. Mott's wife lay dead in the house." "You will see. He must have married again; and he will lose his second wife." Every particular came to pass as Mrs. Higgins had predicted. Mrs. Johnson, a stranger, whom at the time of the dream they had not seen, *did* go with them, they made the journey by land, and were refused admittance into Mott's tavern, for the very cause assigned in Mrs. Higgins's dream.

Mr. and Mrs. Fox had six children, of whom the two youngest were staying with them when, on the 11th of December, 1847, they removed into the house I have described. The children were both girls; Margaret, then 12 years old; and Kate, 9.

Soon after they had taken up their residence in the dwelling referred to, they began to think it was a very noisy house; but this was attributed to rats and mice. During the next month, however, (January, 1848,) the noise began to assume the character of slight knockings heard at night in the bedroom; sometimes appearing to sound from the cellar beneath. At first Mrs. Fox sought to persuade herself this might be but the hammering of a shoemaker, in a house hard by, sitting up late at work. But further observation showed that the sounds, whencesoever proceeding, originated in the house. For not only did the knockings gradually become more distinct, and not only were they heard first in one part of the house, then in another, but the family finally remarked that these raps, even when not very loud, often caused a motion, tremulous rather than a sudden jar, of the bedsteads and chairs—sometimes of the floor; a motion which was quite perceptible to the touch when a hand was laid on the chairs, which was sometimes sensibly felt at night in the slightly oscillating motion of the bed, and which was occasionally perceived as a sort of vibration even when standing on the floor.

After a time, also, the noises varied in their character, sounding occasionally like distinct footfalls in the different rooms.

Nor were the disturbances, after a month or two had passed, confined to sounds. Once something heavy, as if a dog, seemed to lie on the feet of the children; but it was gone before the mother could come to their aid. Another time (this was late in March) Kate felt as if a cold hand were on her face. Occasionally, too, the bed-clothes were pulled during the night. Finally chairs were moved from their places. So, on one occasion, was the dining-table.

The disturbances, which had been limited to occasional knockings throughout February and the early part of March, gradually increased, toward the close of the latter month, in loudness and frequency, so seriously as to break the rest of the family. Mr. Fox and his wife got up night after night, lit a candle, and thoroughly searched every nook and corner of the house; but without any result. They discovered nothing. When the raps came on the door, Mr. Fox would stand, ready to open, the moment they were repeated. But this expedient, too, proved unavailing. Though he opened the door on the instant, there was no one to be seen. Nor did he or Mrs. Fox ever obtain the slightest clue to the cause of these disturbances.

The only circumstance which seemed to suggest the possibility of trickery or of mistake was, that these various unexplained occurrences never happened in daylight.

And thus, notwithstanding the strangeness of the thing, when morning came they began to think it must have been but the fancy of the night. Not being given to superstition, they clung, throughout several weeks of annoyance, to the idea that some natural explanation of these seeming accidents would at last appear. Nor did they abandon this hope till the night of Friday, the 31st of March, 1848.

The day had been cold and stormy, with snow on the ground. In the course of the afternoon, a son, David, came to visit them from his farm, about three miles distant. His mother then first recounted to him the particulars of the annoyances they had endured; for till now they had been little disposed to communicate these to any one. He heard her with a smile. "Well, mother," he said, "I advise you not to say a word to the neighbors about it. When you find it out, it will be one of the simplest things in the world." And in that belief he returned home.

Wearied out by a succession of sleepless nights, and of fruitless attempts to penetrate the mystery, the Fox family retired on that Friday evening very early to rest, hoping for a respite from the disturbances that harrassed them. But they were doomed to disappointment.

The parents had had the children's beds removed into their bedroom, and strictly enjoined them not to talk of noises even if they heard them. But scarcely had the mother seen them safely in bed, and was retiring to rest herself, when the children cried out, "Here they are again!" The mother child them, and lay down. Thereupon the noises became louder and more startling. The children sat up in bed. Mrs. Fox called in her husband. The night being windy, it suggested itself to him that it might be the rattling of the sashes. He tried several, shaking them to see if they were loose. Kate, the youngest girl, happened to remark that as often as her father shook a window-sash the noises seemed to reply. Being a lively child, and in a measure accustomed to what was going on, she turned to where the noise was, snapped her fingers, and called out, "Here, old Splitfoot, do as I do!" *The knocking instantly responded.*

That was the very commencement. Who can tell where the end may be?

I do not mean it was Kate Fox who thus, half in childish jest, first discovered that these mysterious sounds seemed instinct with intelligence. Mr. Mompesson, two hundred years ago, had already observed a similar phenomenon. Glanvil had verified it. So had Wesley and his children. So, we have seen, had others. But in all these cases the matter rested there, and the observation was no further prosecuted. As, previous to the invention of the steam-engine, sundry observers had trodden the very threshhold of the discovery and there stopped, little thinking what lay close before them, so, in this case, where the Royal Chaplain, disciple though he was of the inductive philosophy, and where the founder of Methodism, admitting though he did the probabilities of ultramundane interference, were both at fault, a Yankee girl, but nine years old, following up, more in sport than earnest, a chance observation, became the instigator of a movement which, whatever its true character, has had its influence throughout the civilized world. The spark had several times been ignited,—once, at least, two centuries ago; but it had died out each time without effect. It kindled no flame till the middle of the nineteenth century.

And yet how trifling the step from the observation at Tedworth to the discovery at Hydesville! Mr. Mompesson, in bed with his little daughter, (about Kate's age,) whom the sound seemed chiefly to follow, "observed that it would exactly answer, in drumming, anything that was beaten or called for." But his curiosity led him no further.

Not so Kate Fox. She tried, by silently bringing together her thumb and forefinger, whether she could still obtain a response. Yes! It could see, then, as well as hear! She called her mother. "Only look, mother!" she said, bringing together her finger and thumb as before. And as often as she repeated the noiseless motion, just so often responded the raps.

This at once arrested her mother's attention. "Count ten," she said, addressing the noise. Ten strokes, distinctly given! "How old is my daughter Margaret?" Twelve strokes! "And Kate?" Nine! "What can all this mean?" was Mrs. Fox's thought. Who was answering her? Was it only some mysterious echo of her own thought? But the next question which she put seemed to refute that idea. "How many children have I?" she asked, aloud. Seven strokes. "Ah!" she thought, "it can blunder sometimes." And then, aloud, "Try again!" Still the number of raps was seven. Of a sudden a thought crossed Mrs. Fox's mind. "Are they all alive?" she asked. Silence, for answer. "How many are living?" Six strokes. "How many dead?" A single stroke. She *had* lost a child.

Then she asked, "Are you a man?" No answer. "Are you a spirit?" It rapped. "May my neighbors hear if I call them?" It rapped again.

Thereupon she asked her husband to call a neighbor, a Mrs. Redfield, who came in laughing. But her cheer was soon changed. The answers to her inquiries were as prompt and pertinent as they had been to those of Mrs. Fox. She was struck with awe; and when, in reply to a question about the number of her children, by rapping four, instead of three as she expected, it reminded her of a little daughter, Mary, whom she had recently lost, the mother burst into tears.

But it avails not further to follow out in minute detail the issue of these disturbances, since the particulars have already been given, partly in the shape of formal depositions, in more than one publication,* and since they are not essential to the illustration of this branch of the subject.

It may, however, be satisfactory to the reader that I here subjoin to the above narrative—every particular of which I had from Mrs. Fox, her daughters Margaret and Kate, and her son David—a supplement, containing a brief outline as well of the events which immediately succeeded, as those, connected with the dwelling in question, which preceded, the disturbances of the 31st of March.

On that night, the neighbors, attracted by the rumor of the disturbances, gradually gathered in, to the number of seventy or eighty, so that Mrs. Fox left the house for that of Mrs. Redfield, while the children were taken home by another neighbor. Mr. Fox remained.

Many of the assembled crowd, one after another, put questions to the noises, requesting that assent might be testified by rapping. When there was no response by raps, and the question was reversed, there were always rappings; thus indicating that silence was to be taken for dissent.

In this way the sounds alleged that they were produced by a spirit; by an injured spirit; by a spirit who had been injured in that house; between four and five years ago; not by any of the neighbors, whose names were called over one by one, but by a man who formerly resided in the house—a certain John C. Bell, a blacksmith. His name was obtained by naming in succession the former occupants of the house.

The noises alleged, further, that it was the spirit of a man thirty-one years of age; that he had been murdered in the bedroom, for money, on a Tuesday night, at twelve o'clock; that no one but the murdered man and Mr. Bell were in the house at the time; Mrs. Bell and a girl named Lucretia Pulver, who worked for them, being both absent; that the body was carried down to the cellar early next morning, not through the outside cellar-door, but by being dragged through the parlor into the buttery, and thence down the cellar-stairs; that it was buried, ten feet deep, in the cellar, but not until the night after the murder.

Thereupon the party assembled adjourned to the cellar, which had an earthen floor; and Mr. Redfield having placed himself on various parts of it, asking, each time, if that was the spot of burial, there was no response until he stood in the centre; then the noises were heard, as from beneath the ground. This was repeated several times, always with a similar result, no sound occurring when he stood at any other place than the centre. One of the witnesses describes the sounds in the cellar as resembling "a thumping a foot or two under ground."*

Then a neighbor named Duesler called over the letters of the alphabet, asking, at each, if that was the initial of the murdered man's first name; and so of the second name. The sounds responded at C. and B. An attempt to obtain the entire name did not then succeed. At a later period, the full name (as Charles B. Rosma) was given in the same way in reply to the questions of Mr. David Fox. Still it did not suggest itself to any one to attempt, by the rape, to have a communication spelled out. *It is a remarkable fact, and one which in a measure explains the lack of further results at Tedworth and at Epworth, that it was not till about four months afterward, and at Rochester, that the very first brief communication by raps was obtained; the suggester being Isaac Post, a member of the Society of Friends,* and an old acquaintance of the Fox family.

The report of the night's wonders at Hydesville spread all over the neighborhood; and next day, Saturday, the house was beset by a crowd of the curious. But while daylight lasted there were no noises.† These re-commenced before seven o'clock in the evening. That night there were some three hundred people in and about the house.‡ Various persons asked questions; and the replies corresponded at every point to those formerly given.

Then it was proposed to dig in the cellar: but, as the house stands on a flat plain not far from a small sluggish stream, the diggers reached water at the depth of less than three feet, and had to abandon the attempt. It was renewed on Monday the 3rd of April, and again the next day, by Mr. David Fox and others, baling and pumping out the water; but they could not reduce it much, and had to give up.§

At a later period, when the water had much lowered, to wit, in the summer of 1848, Mr. David Fox, aided by Messrs. Henry Bush and Lyman Granger, of Rochester, and others, recommenced digging in the cellar. At the depth of five feet they came to a plank, through which they bored with an auger, when, the auger-bit being loose, it dropped through out of sight. Digging farther, they found several pieces of crockery and some charcoal and quicklime, indicating that the soil must at some time have been disturbed to a considerable depth; and finally they came upon some human hair and several bones, which, on examination by a medical man skilled in anatomy, proved to be portions of a human skeleton, including two bones of the hand and certain parts of the skull; but no connected skull was found.‖

It remains briefly to trace the antecedents of the disturbed dwelling.

William Duesler, one of those who gave certificates touching this matter, and who offers to confirm his testimony under oath, states that he inhabited the same house seven years before, and that during the term of his residence there, he never heard any noise of the kind in or about the premises. He adds that a Mr. Johnson, and others, who, like himself, had lived there before Mr. Bell occupied the dwelling, make the same statement.‡

Mrs. Pulver, a near neighbor, states that, having called one morning on Mrs. Bell while she occupied the house, she (Mrs. B.) told her she felt very ill, not having slept at all during the previous night; and, on being asked what the matter was, Mrs. Bell said she had thought she heard some one walking about from one room to another. Mrs. Pulver further deposes that she heard Mrs. Bell, on subsequent occasions, speak of noises which she could not account for.§

The daughter of this deponent, Lucretia Pulver, states that she lived with Mr. and Mrs. Bell during part of the time they occupied the house, namely, for three months during the winter of 1843-44, sometimes working for them, sometimes boarding with them, and going to school, she being then fifteen years old. She says Mr. and Mrs. Bell "appeared to be very good folks, only rather quick-tempered."

She states that, during the latter part of her residence with them, one afternoon about two o'clock, a peddler, on foot, apparently about thirty years of age, wearing a black frock-coat and light colored pantaloons, and having with him a trunk and a basket, called at Mr. Bell's. Mrs. Bell informed her she had known him formerly.—Shortly after he came in, Mr. and Mrs. Bell consulted together for nearly half an hour in the buttery. Then Mrs. Bell told her—very unexpectedly to her—that they did not require her any more; that she (Mrs. B.) was going that afternoon to Lock Berlin, and that she (Lucretia) had better return home, as they thought they could not afford to keep her longer. Accordingly Mrs. Bell and Lucretia left the house, the peddler and Mr. Bell remaining. Before she went, however, Lucretia looked at a piece of delaine, and told the peddler she would take a dress off it, if he would call the next day at her father's house, hard by, which he promised to do, but he never came. Three days afterward, Mrs. Bell returned, and, to Lucretia's surprise, sent for her again to stay with them.

A few days after this, Lucretia began to hear knocking in the bedroom—afterward occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Fox—where she slept. The sounds seemed to be under the foot of the bed, and were repeated during a number of nights. One night, when Mr. and Mrs. Bell had gone to Lock Berlin, and she had remained in the house with her little brother and a daughter of Mr. Losey, named Amelia, they heard, about twelve o'clock, what seemed to be the footsteps of a man walking in the buttery. They had not gone to bed till eleven, and had not yet fallen asleep. It sounded as if some one crossed the buttery, then went down the cellar-stair, then walked part of the way across the cellar, and stopped. The girls were greatly frightened, got up, and fastened doors and windows.

About a week after this, Lucretia, having occasion to go down into the cellar, screamed out. Mrs. Bell asked what was the matter. Lucretia exclaimed, "What *has* Mr. Bell been doing in the cellar?" She had sunk in the soft soil and fallen. Mrs. Bell replied that it was only rat-holes. A few days afterward, at nightfall, Mr. Bell carried some earth into the cellar, and was at work there some time. Mrs. Bell said he was filling up the rat-holes.‖

Mr. and Mrs. Weekman depose that they occupied the house in question, after Mr. Bell left it, during eighteen months, namely, from the spring of 1846 till the autumn of 1847.

About March, 1847, one night, as they were going to bed, they heard knockings on the outside door; but when they opened there was no one there. This was repeated, till Mr. Weekman lost patience; and, after searching all round the house, he resolved, if possible, to detect these disturbers of his peace. Accordingly, he stood with his hand on the door, ready to open it at the instant the knocking was repeated. It *was* repeated, so that he felt the door jar under his hand; but, though he sprang out instantly and searched all round the house, he found not a trace of any intruder.

They were frequently afterward disturbed by strange and unaccountable noises. One night, Mrs. Weekman heard what seemed the footsteps of some one walking in the cellar. Another night one of her little girls, eight years old, screamed out, so as to wake every one in the house. She said something cold had been moving over her head and face; and it was long ere the terrified child was pacified, nor would she consent to sleep in the same room for several nights afterward.

Mr. Weekman offers to repeat his certificate, if required, under oath.*

But it needs not further to multiply extracts from these depositions. Nothing positive can be gathered from them. It is certain, however, that the peddler never reappeared in Hydesville nor kept his promise to call. On the other hand, Mr. Bell, who had removed early in 1846 to the town of Lyons, in the same county, on hearing the reports of the above disclosures, came forthwith to the scene of his former residence, and obtained from the neighbors, and made public, a certificate setting forth that "they never knew anything against his character," and that when he lived among them "they thought him, and still think him, a man of honest and upright character, incapable of committing crime." This certificate is dated April 5, (six days after the first communications,) and is signed by forty-four persons. The author of the "Report of the Mysterious Noises," in giving it entire, adds that others besides the signers are willing to join in the recommendation.†

It is proper also to state, in this connection, that, a few months afterward,—to wit, in July or August, 1848,—a circumstance occurred at Rochester, New York, somewhat analogous in character, and indicating the danger of indulging, without corroborating evidence, in suspicions aroused by alleged spiritual information. A young peddler, with a wagon and two horses, and known to be possessed of several hundred dollars, having put up at a tavern in that city, suddenly disappeared. Public opinion settled down to the belief that he was murdered. An enthusiastic Spiritualist had the surmise confirmed by the raps. Through the same medium the credulous inquirer was informed that the body lay in the canal, several spots being successively indicated where it could be found. These were anxiously dragged, but to no purpose. Finally the dupe's wife was required to go into the canal at a designated point, where she would certainly discover the corpse: in obeying which injunction she nearly lost her life. Some months afterward, the alleged victim reappeared; he had departed secretly for Canada, to avoid the importunities of his creditors.‡

In the Hydesville case, too, there was some rebutting evidence. The raps had alleged that, though the peddler's wife was dead, his five children lived in Orange county, New York; but all efforts to discover them there were fruitless. Nor does it appear that any man named Rosma was ascertained to have resided there.

It remains to be added that no legal proceedings were ever instituted, either against Mr. Bell, in virtue of the suspicions aroused, or by him against those who expressed such suspicions. He finally left the country.

It is evident that no sufficient case is made out against him. The statements of the earthly witnesses amount to circumstantial evidence only; and upon unsupported ultramundane testimony no dependence can be placed. It may supply hints; it may suggest inquiries; but assurance it cannot give.

The Hydesville narrative, however, as one of unexplained disturbances, like those at Cideville, at Ahrensburg, at Slawensik, at Epworth, and at Tedworth, rests for verification on the reality of the phenomena themselves, not on the accuracy of the extrinsic information alleged to be thereby supplied.

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* The earliest of these, published in Canandaigua only three weeks after the occurrences of the 31st of March, is a pamphlet of forty pages, entitled "*A Report of the Mysterious Noises heard in the house of Mr. John D. Fox, in Hydesville, Arcadia, Wayne county, authenticated by the certificates and confirmed by the statements of the citizens of that place and vicinity.*" Canandaigua, published by E. E. Lewis, 1848. It contains twenty-one certificates, chiefly given by the immediate neighbors, including those of Mr. and Mrs. Fox, of their son and daughter-in-law, of Mrs. Redfield, &c., &c., taken chiefly on the 11th and 12th of April. For a copy of the above pamphlet, now very scarce, I am indebted to the family of Mr. Fox, whom I visited in August, 1859, at the house of the son, Mr. John D. Fox, when I had an opportunity to visit the small dwelling in which the above-related circumstances took place; descending to its cellar, the alleged scene of dark deeds. The house is now occupied by a farm-laborer, who, Faraday-like, "does not believe in *spirits*."

A more connected account, followed up by a history of the movement which had birth at Hydesville, is to be found in "*Modern Spiritualism: its Facts and Fanaticisms*," by E. W. Capron, Boston, 1855, pp. 33 to 56.

Most of the witnesses signing the certificates above referred to offer to confirm their statements, if necessary, under oath; and they almost all expressly declare their conviction that the family had no agency in producing the sounds, that these were not referable to trick or deception or to any known natural cause, usually adding that they were no believers in the supernatural, and had never before heard or witnessed anything not susceptible of a natural explanation.

* "*Report of the Mysterious Noises*," p. 25. See also p. 17.

Mr. Marvin Losey and Mr. David Fox state, in their respective certificates, that on the night of Saturday, April 1, when the crowd were asking questions, it was arranged that those in the cellar should all stand in one place, except one, Mr. Carlos Hyde, while that one moved about to different spots; and that Mr. Duesler, being in the bedroom above, where of course he could not see Mr. Hyde nor any one else in the cellar, should be the questioner. Then as Mr Hyde stepped about in the cellar, the question was repeated by Mr. Duesler in the bedroom, "Is any one standing over the place where the body was buried?" In every instance, as soon as Mr. Hyde stepped to the centre of the cellar the raps were heard, so that both those in the cellar and those in the rooms above heard them; but as often as he stood anywhere else there was silence. This was repeated, again and again.—"*Report of the Mysterious Noises*," pp. 26 and 28.

† The next day, however, Sunday, April 2, this was reversed. The noises responded throughout the day, but ceased in the evening, and were not obtained throughout the night.—"*Report of the Mysterious Noises*," p. 9.

‡ "*Report of the Mysterious Noises*" p. 15.

* Ibid, p. 29.

† "*Modern Spiritualism*," p. 53. Mr. David Fox, during my visit to him, confirmed to me the truth of this.

‡ "*Report of the Mysterious Noises*," p. 16.

§ Ibid. pp. 37, 38.

‖ "*Report of the Mysterious Noises*, pp. 35, 36, 37. I have added a few minor particulars, related by Lucretia to Mrs. Fox.

* Ibid, pp. 33, 34.

† "Report of the Mysterious Noises," pp. 38, 39

‡ For details, see "Modern Spiritualism," pp. 60 to 62. If we concede the reality of the spirit-rap, and if we assume to judge of ultramundane intentions, we may imagine that the purpose was, by so early and so marked a lesson, to warn men, even from the commencement, against putting implicit faith in spiritual communications.

It is worthy of remark, however, that there is this great difference in these two cases, that the Hydesville communications came by spontaneous agency, uncalled for, unlooked for, while those obtained at Rochester were evoked and expected.

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☞ "What church do you attend, Mrs. Partington?" "Oh, any paradox church, where the Gospel is dispensed with."

☞ It's very pleasant to ride in an omnibus, opposite a baby who is sucking sugar candy, and, playfully wipes his dear little hands on your best black trowsers.

☞ There is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes, if he could only govern his tongue.

☞ If the old maxim is true that the law takes no account of small matters, it must take precious little account of many who pretend to administer it.

☞ The barber who dressed the head of a barrel has been engaged to fix up the locks of a canal.

☞ No man's religion ever survives his morals.—*Archbishop Tillotson.*

☞ When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in the family, our tempers; in company, our tongues.

☞ The Men we Want.—We want no men who will change like the vanes of our steeples, with the course of the popular wind; but we want men who, like mountains, will *change the course of the wind.—H. Mann.*

☞ You must make it quite clear to your mind which you are most bent upon—popularity or usefulness—else you may happen to miss both.—*Adam Bede.*

☞ True philosophy can discern nothing else in a great many words and names but the letters of the alphabet which compose them.

☞ Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation; because men have discovered that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth, than to refine themselves.

☞ When a personage becomes formidable to his competitors or subordinates, they generally seek to deceive or destroy him.

☞ An anonymous letter is a mode of moral murder, which, using only an inkstand for a bowl, and a pen for a poignard, poisons confidence and stabs characters without fear of detection.

☞ The poet Gray once said, "I have discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life, one can never have more than a single mother."

## SNORING AND ITS CURE.

Rev. Mr. Cazalet's theory of the causation of snoring, is ingenious, and, from the success of his remedial measures in our own hands, would seem to be correct. He writes "Snoring is caused in this manner:—The individual, as he falls off into settled repose, leaving his mouth open, inhales spasmodically through the nostrils; this produces a compression of the muscles of the soft palate and the back of the mouth; the air rushing along the passage of the nostrils through the contracted space, is vibrated into sound, which escapes at the mouth and partially through the nostrils, each act of inhalation having the effect of producing the muscular contraction; this power of contraction, which exists only when the mouth is kept open, is entirely involuntary, and hence the individual snorer is utterly unconscious of the fearful and unearthly sounds he is making."

The above being the explanation of the act of snoring, the obvious remedy is to give to the individual who thus makes night hideous for those near him, the habit of sleeping with the mouth closed. Difficulties, of course, environ this object. Mr. Cazalet mentions the habit of keeping the mouth closed "during the ordinary avocations of life," as conducing to a command over the action of the mouth. The position of the sleeper's head is also of no little importance. It should be as far as possible removed from that which would form an obtuse angle of the head with the neck. The author remarks, "the power of snoring, if I may so term it," diminishes "as the chin is brought gradually nearer to the chest."

If the mouth cannot be kept closed during sleep, or if the habit of closing it be acquired and maintained with difficulty, Mr. Cazalet recommends the use of what he terms the "Night Respirator"—a very simple arrangement, and one by which the purpose in view is effectually secured. It is merely a bit of muslin of oval shape attached to a light steel frame and fastened by elastic bands behind the neck. If the mouth remain open, breathing is easily performed through the gauzy medium; but the effect is rather to induce a closure of the mouth, and respiration is performed through its legitimate channel, the nostrils. There is no inconvenience, nor discomfort; but the whole seems to us a triumph over a most annoying infirmity, which deserves the attention of all who are afflicted by it themselves, or who inflict it upon others.

We lately availed ourselves of the opportunity of purchasing a few of these ingenious "Night Respirators," and having the chance of trying them, can testify to the perfect success attained, thus far. Whether equally good results will follow in every instance, remains to be proved—we cannot see why they should not.—*Boston Medical Journal.*

## THE SUCCESS OF PERSECUTION.

That able writer, J. S. Mill, in his essay on Liberty, denies that persecution is always unsuccessful. Arnold of Brescia is one of the instances nominated by Mr. Mill, in contradiction of certain prevalent views as to the validity and vitality of truth *versus* persecution. The dictum that truth always triumphs over persecution, is declared by this philosophic thinker, to be one of those pleasant falsehoods which men repeat after one another till they pass into common-places, but which all experience refutes. He declares history to team with instances of truth put down by persecution. If not suppressed for ever, it may, he says, be thrown back for centuries. Thus, in the province only of religious opinions, he reminds us that the Reformation broke out at least twenty times before Luther, and was put down. That Arnold of Brescia was put down. That Fra Dolcino was put down. That Savonarola was put down. That the Albigeois were put down. That the Vaudois were put down. That the Lollards were put down. That the Hussites were put down. That even after the era of Luther, wherever persecution was persisted in, it was successful. In Spain, he continues, and Italy, and Flanders, and the Austrian empire, Protestantism was rooted out; and, most likely, would have been so in England, had Queen Mary lived, or Queen Elizabeth died. "Persecution has always succeeded, save where the heretics were too strong a party to be effectually persecuted. No reasonable person can doubt that Christianity might have been extirpated in the Roman Empire. It spread, and became predominant, because the persecutions were only occasional, lasting but a short time, and separated by long intervals of almost undisturbed propagandism. It is a piece of idle sentimentality that truth, merely as truth, has any inherent power denied to error, of prevailing against the dungeon and the stake. Men are not more zealous for truth than they often are for error, and a sufficient application of legal or even of social penalties will generally succeed in stopping the propagation of either." The real advantage which truth has, according to Mr. Stuart Mill, consists in this, that when an opinion is true, it may be extinguished once, twice, or many times; but in the course of ages there will generally be found persons to re-discover it, until some one of its re-appearances falls on a time when from favorable circumstances it escapes persecution until it has made such head as to withstand all subsequent attempts to suppress it.

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A French Home.—In a French family there is a much closer sympathy of parents with children than with us. They give up more of their time to amuse and instruct them. In America, a man of business works so hard, and comes home so jaded, that he has no spirit for anything but to read his paper, smoke his cigar, and roll into bed. A French father makes a better economy of life. He works hard, too, during the day, but not to the point of utter exhaustion. He keeps a little strength for his home. And when he enters that enchanted circle, and shuts the door, he shuts the world behind him. Then begone, dull care. Then the children have full liberty to romp and climb upon the father's knee, and gaiety and cheerful enjoyment rule the hour.—*Summer Pictures, G. M. Field.*

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☞ Some men are so good that they are good for nothing.

# SEA DREAMS. AN IDYLL.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

[The following is the poem for which Mr. Tennyson was paid, *it is said*, TEN POUNDS (*fifty dollars*) A LINE! The largest sum received for a poem by an American writer, of which we have any record, was paid to Robert Treat Paine for his famous song "Adams and Liberty." That spirited composition brought its author eleven dollars a line, which was about a dollar and a half a word.]

A city clerk, but gently born and bred;
His wife, an unknown artist's orphan child—
One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three years old:
They, thinking that her clear germander eye
Droopt in the giant-factoried city-gloom,
Came, with a month's leave given them, to the sea:
For which his gains were dock'd, however small:
His gains were small, and hard his work; besides,
Their slender household fortunes (for the man
Had risk'd his little) like the little thrift,
Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep:
And oft, when sitting all alone, his face
Would darken, as he cursed his credulousness,
And that one unctuous mouth which lured him, rogue,
To buy wild shares in some Peruvian mine.
Now seaward-bound for health they gain'd a coast,
All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning cave,
At close of day; slept, woke, and went the next,
The Sabbath, pious variers from the church,
To chapel; where a heated pulpiteer,
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,
Announced the coming doom, and fulminated
Against the scarlet woman and her creed:
For sideways up he swung his arms, and shriek'd
"Thus, thus with violence," ev'en as if he held
The Apocalyptic mill-stone, and himself
Were that great Angel; "Thus with violence
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea;
Then comes the close." The gentle-hearted wife
Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world;
He at his own: but when the weedy storm
Had ended, forth they moved and paced the sand,
Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves,
Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce believed
(The sootflake of so many a summer still
Clung to their fancies) that they saw, the sea.
So now on sand they walk'd, and now on cliff,
Lingering about the thymy promontories,
Until the sails were darken'd in the west
And rosed in the east: then homeward and to bed:
Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope
Haunting a holy text, and still to that
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,"
Said, "Love, forgive him!" but he did not speak.
And silenced by that silence lay the wife,
Remembering our dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a full tide
Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremost rocks
Touching, upjetted in spirts of wild sea-smoke,
And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam, and fell
In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anon
Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs
Heard thro' the living roar. At this the babe,
Their Margaret, cradled near them, wail'd and woke
The mother, and the father suddenly cried,
"A wreck, a wreck!" then turn'd, and groaning, said,

"*Forgive! How many will say, 'forgive,'* and find
A sort of absolution in the sound
To hate a little longer! No; the sin
That neither God nor man can well forgive,
Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once.
It is not true that second thoughts are best,
But first, and third, which are a riper first;
Too ripe, too late! they come too late for use.
Ah love, there surely lives in man and beast
Something divine to warn them of their foes:
And such a sense, when first I lighted on him,
Said, 'trust him not;' but after, when I came
To know him more, I lost it, knew him less;
Fought with what seemed my own uncharity;
Sat at his table; drank his costly wines;
Made more and more allowance for his talk;
Went further, fool! and trusted him with all,
All my poor scrapings from a dozen years
Of dust and deskwork; there is no such mine,
None; but a gulf of ruin, swallowing gold,
Not making. Ruin'd! ruin'd! the sea roars
Ruin; a fearful night!"

"Not fearful; fair," Said the good wife, "if every star in heaven
Can make it fair; you do but hear the tide.
Had you ill dreams?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I dream'd
Of such a tide swelling toward the land,
And I from out the boundless outer deep
Swept with it to the shore, and entered one
Of those dark caves that run beneath the cliffs.
I thought the motion of the boundless deep
Bore through the cave, and I was heaved upon it
In darkness; then I saw one lovely star
Larger and larger. 'What a world,' I thought,
'To live in!' but in moving on I found
Only the landward exit of the cave,
Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond;
And near the light a giant woman sat,
All over earthy, like a piece of earth,
A pickaxe in her hand; then out I slipt
Into a land all sun and blossom, trees
As high as heaven, and every bird that sings;
And here the night-light flickering in my eyes
Awoke me."

"That was then your dream," she said,
"Not sad, but sweet."

"So sweet, I lay," said he,
"And mused upon it, drifting up the stream
In fancy, till I slept again, and pieced
The broken vision; for I dream'd that still
The motion of the great deep bore me on,
And that the woman walk'd upon the brink;
I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd her of it;
'It came,' she said, 'by working in the mines:'
Oh, then to ask her of my shares, I thought;
And ask'd; but not a word; she shook her head.
And then the motion of the current ceas'd,
And there was rolling thunder; and we reach'd
A mountain, like a wall of burrs and thorns;
But she with her strong feet up the steep hill
Trod out a path; I follow'd; and at top
She pointed seaward; there a fleet of glass,
That seem'd a fleet of jewels under me,
Sailing along before a gloomy cloud
That *not* one moment ceased to thunder, past
In sunshine; right across its track there lay,
Down in the water, a long reef of gold,
Or what seem'd gold; and I was glad at first
To think that in our often-ransack'd world
Still so much gold was left; and then I fear'd
Lest that gay navy there should splinter on it,
And fearing waved my arm to warn them off:
An idle signal, for the brittle fleet
(I thought I could have died to save it) near'd,
Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and vanish'd, and I woke,
I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see
My dream was Life; the Woman honest Work;
And my poor venture but a fleet of glass
Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold."

"Nay," said the kindly wife to comfort him,
"You raised your arm, you tumbled down and broke
The glass with little Margaret's medicine in it;
And, breaking that, you made and broke your dream;
A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks."

"No trifle," groan'd the husband; "yesterday
I met him suddenly in the street, and ask'd
That which I ask'd the woman in my dream.
Like her, he shook his head. 'Show me the books!'
He dodged me with a long and loose account.
'The books, the books!' but he, he could not wait,
Bound on a matter he of life and death;
When the great Book (see Daniel seven, the tenth)
Were open'd, I should find he meant me well;
And then began to bloat himself, and ooze
All over with the fat affectionate smile
That makes the widow lean. 'My dearest friend,
Have faith, have faith! We live by faith,' said he;
'And all things work together for the good
Of those'—it makes me sick to quote him—last
Gript my hand hard, and with God-bless-you went.
I stood like one that had received a blow:
I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,
A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,
A curse in his God-bless-you: then my eyes
Pursued him down the street, and far away,
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,
Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee."

"Was he so bound, poor soul?" said the good wife;
"So are we all: but do not call him, love,
Before you prove him, rogue, and proved, forgive.
His gain is loss: for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd:
And that drags down his life: then comes what comes
Hereafter: and be meant, he said he meant,
Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you well."

"'With all his conscience and one eye askew'"—
Love, let me quote these lines, that you may learn
A man is likewise counsel for himself,
Too often, in that silent court of yours—
'With all his conscience and one eye askew,
So false, he partly took himself for true;
Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye;
Who, never naming God except for gain,
So never took that useful name in vain;
Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
And snakelike slimed his victim ere he gorged;
And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the rest
Arising, did his holy oily best,
Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,
To spread the word by which himself had thriven.'
How like you this old satire?"

"Nay," she said,
"I loathe it: he had never kindly heart,
Nor ever cared to better his own kind,
Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it.
But will you hear my dream, for I had one
That altogether went to music? still,
It awed me. Well—I dream'd that round the north
A light, a belt of luminous vapor, lay,
And ever in it a low musical note
Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd, a ridge
Of breaker came from out the belt, and still
Grew with the growing note, and when the note
Had reach'd a thunderous fullness, on these cliffs
Broke, mixt with awful light (the same as that
Which lived within the belt) by which I saw
That all these lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,
But huge cathedral fronts of every age,
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,
One after one: and then the great ridge drew,
Lessening to the lessening music, back,
And past into the belt and swell'd again
To music: ever when it broke I saw
The statues, saint, or king, or founder fall;
Then from the gaps of ruin which it left
Came men and women in dark clusters round,
Some crying, "Set them up! they shall not fall."
And others, "Let them lie, for they have fall'n."
And still they strove and wrangled: and I grieved
In my strange dream, I knew not why, to find
Their wildest wailings never out of tune
With that sweet note; and ever when their shrieks
Ran highest up the gamut, that great wave
Returning, tho' none mark'd it, on the crowd
Broke, mix'd with awful light, and show'd their eyes
Glaring, and passionate looks, and swept away
The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone,
To the waste deeps together: and I first
My wistful eyes, on two fair images,
Both crowned with stars and high among the stars,
The Virgin Mother standing with her child
High up on one of those dark minster-fronts—
Till she began to totter, and the child
Clung to the mother, and sent out a cry
Which mix'd with little Margaret's, and I woke.
And my dream awed me:—well—but what are dreams?
Yours came but from the breaking of a glass,
And mine but from the crying of a child."

"Child? No!" said he, "but this tide's roar, and his,
Our Boanerges with his threats of doom,
And loud-lung'd Antibabylonianisms
(Altho' I grant but little music there)
Went both to make your dream: but were there such
A music, harmonizing our wild cries,
Sphere-music such as that you dream'd about,
Why, that would make our Passions far too like
The discords dear to the musician. No—
One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of Heaven:
True Devils with no ear, they howl in tune
With nothing but the Devil!"

"'True' indeed!
One of our town, but later by an hour
Here than ourselves, spoke with me on the shore;
While you were running down the sands, and made
The dimpled flounce of the sea-furbelow flap,
Good man, to please the child, she brought strange news.
I would not tell you then to spoil your day,
But he, at whom you rail so much, is dead."

"Dead! who is dead?"

"The man your eye pursued
A little after you had parted with him,
He suddenly drop dead of heart-disease."

"Dead? he? of heart-disease? what heart had he
To die of? dead!"

"Ah, dearest, if there be
A devil in man, there is an angel, too,
And if he did that wrong you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart. But your rough voice
(You spoke so loud) has roused the child again.
Sleep, little birdie, sleep! will she not sleep
Without her "little birdie?" well then, sleep,
And I will sing you 'birdie.'"

Saying this,
The woman half turned round from him she loved,
Left him one hand, and reaching through the night
Her other, found (for it was close beside)
And half embraced the basket cradle-head
With one soft arm, which, like the pliant bough
That moving moves the nest and nestlings, swayed
The cradle, while she sang this baby song:

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

"She sleeps; let us, too, let all evil, sleep.
He also sleeps—another sleep than ours.
He can do no more wrong; forgive him, dear.
And I shall sleep the sounder!"

Then the man,
"His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come.
Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound;
I do forgive him!"

"Thanks, my love," she said,
"Your own will be the sweeter," and they slept.

# ON THE SUBJECT OF CLOTHES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," A "LIFE FOR A LIFE," &c., &c., &c.

My sight not being so good as it was, my grand-daughter is in the habit of reading the Times aloud to me daily. Possibly, this is not always a labor of love, I being a rather fidgety listener, nor, at the same time, one of those conceited old persons who consider that to minister unto them is to the young a privilege invaluable. There have been times when, perceiving Netty's bright eye wander, and her voice drop into a monotonous, absent tone, I have inwardly sighed over those inevitable infirmities which render each generation in its turn dependent on the succeeding one; times when it would have been easier to me to get up a peevish "There, that will do," and forfeit my own undeniable pleasure, than thus to *make a martyr of my little girl. But then, few can have lived to my length of days* without being taught the blessedness of not only labors of love, but labors of duty; and I am glad, even at the cost of some personal pain, to see my grandchild learning this lesson after me; conquering her natural laziness, accommodating the frivolous tastes of youth to the prosy likings of old age, and acquiring, even in so small a thing as the reading of a newspaper, that habit of self-control and self-abnegation which we women have to practice, with or against our will, to the end of our lives.

So, after going steadily through the leading articles—by the way, what a curious fact of modern intellectual advance is that page of Times leaders, thought out with infinite labor, compiled with surpassing skill, influencing the whole world's destinies one day, to become the next mere waste paper—after this, I said to Netty,

"Now, my dear, I leave the choice to you; read anything that you consider amusing."

"Amusing!" As if she doubted whether anything in the Times could come under that head. But shortly her countenance cleared.—"'An American Bridal Trousseau,' will that do, grannie, dear?"

I nodded, and she began to read:

"'Extraordinary Marriage Ceremony.—Cuban Don—Young Lady of New York. Will no doubt amuse English ladies.' Why, I declare, it's a list of her clothes! And such a quantity! Only hear:—'One blue silk, ruffled to the waist; one green and white double skirt, trimmed with black lace; one light blue silk chintz, flowers down the skirt, trimmed with deep fringe to match; one steel-colored silk, with purple velvet flowers, trimmed with wide bands of purple velvet, edged with black lace; a surplus waist trimmed to match the skirt; one Swiss dress, the skirt formed with clusters of ruffles and tucks, the waist to match; one white Swiss muslin dress, five flounces, edged with narrow Valenciennes lace; one white Swiss dress skirt, with three flounces, three ruffles on each flounce; pink ribbon underneath; one Swiss dress tucked to the waist; six dresses of poplin, merino and Ottoman velvet;'"—

"Stop, stop! let us take breath, child. Poplin, merino, Ottoman velvet; and how many more was it? Swiss muslin, silk chintz, and something with a 'surplus waist,' whatever that may be."

"Indeed, I don't know, Grandmamma," laughed the child; "though you do think me such an extravagant young lady. Not so bad as this one, any how. Oh, oh, oh! Just listen:—

"'Eighteen street dresses, of rich, plain, and figured silks, double skirt and two flounces; also moire antique, made in the newest and most fashionable style; twelve afternoon dresses, consisting of grenadines, organdies, and tissue, all varied in styles of making; twelve evening dresses, one pink embossed velvet, trimmed with the richest point de Venise; one white silk tunic dress, skirt embroidered and trimmed with blonde lace; one pearl-colored silk, double skirt, with bouquets of embossed velvet; three white crape dresses, ornamented with bunches of raised flowers; three white tulle dresses, with colored polka spots of floss silk, to be worn over white silk skirts; six dinner dresses, one white silk embroidered with gold; one pink moire antique, very elegant side stripes; one blue silk, with lace flounces; one amber silk, with black lace tunic dress; one black moire antique, trimmed with velvet and lace; one white moire antique, with puffings of illusion, and the sleeves, made in Princess Clothilde style; twelve muslin dresses, made with flounces and simple ruffles;'"—

"That's a mercy, girl. I began to think the only 'simple' article the lady possessed was her husband."

"Grandmamma, how funny you are! Well, will you hear to the end?"

"Certainly. One is not often blessed with such valuable and extensive information. Besides, my dear, it may be of use to you when the Prince comes."

(This is the name by which we have always been accustomed to talk openly of Netty's possible, doubtless *she* thinks certain, lover and husband. Consequently, to no ignorant lady's maid or silly young playfellow, but to her sage old grandmother, has my child confided her ideas and intentions on this important subject, including the imaginary portrait, physical and mental, of "the Prince," what she expects of him, and what she means to be towards him. Also, in no small degree, what they are both to be towards their revered grandmammas.—Poor little Netty, she little knows how seldom is any dream fulfilled! Yet, if never any more than a dream, better a pure than a base, a high than a low, a wise than a foolish one.)

"When the Prince comes," said the little maid, drawing herself up with all the dignity of sixteen; "I hope I shall think a great deal more of him than of my wedding, and that he will think more of me than of my wedding clothes."

"Very well. Now, go on."

She did so; and I here cut it out of the newspaper entire, lengthy as the paragraph is, to prove that I have not garbled a line; that I do "nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice," with regard to this young American bride, whose name is not given, and of whom I know no more than the man in the moon:—

"Three riding habits, one black Canton crape, trimmed with velvet buttons; one green merino, English style; one black cloth, trimmed with velvet; three opera cloaks, one white merino double cape, elegantly embroidered and trimmed with rich tassels; one white cashmere, trimmed with blue and white plaid plush; one grenadine, with ribbon quilling; twenty-four pairs of varied colored satin slippers, richly embroidered; twelve pairs of white satin and kid slippers, plain; twelve pairs of white satin and kid slippers, trimmed with ribbon; six pairs of mouse-embroidered slippers, one pair of kid India mouse, embroidered; one green and gray chenille, embroidered; one purple and black silk, embroidered; two pairs of brown Morocco plain French, all made *a la Turque*; six pairs of slippers, variously embroidered in various colors for the toilet; twelve pairs of silk and satin Francais, dress, habit, and walking gaiters; six pairs of walking and winter gaiters, double soles; six street bonnets, made of the most *recherche* Swiss straws, trimmed with handsome ribbon; one opera bonnet, made of white lace and long fancy marabout feathers; one black and white royal velvet bonnet, trimmed with cluster of pink roses, intermingled with black velvet leaves; six rich head-dresses, consisting of chenille, pearl and gold, and other rich materials; six sets of hairpins, of coral, turquoise, pearl, and gold ornaments; six brettel capes of white tulle, trimmed in various styles of fancy velvet, chenille, and ribbon; one Bruxelles point appliqué cape, trimmed with puffings of illusion and ribbon; one dozen of French embroidered handkerchiefs, with initials richly embroidered in the corner; one dozen of real point lace handkerchiefs; one dozen of guipure lace handkerchiefs; one dozen of pine-apple handkerchiefs, embroidered and trimmed with lace; one dozen of fancy illusion sleeves for evening dresses, made flowing *a la favorite*; two dozens of glove tops to match sleeves; one pair of glove tops of point d'Alencon, trimmed with orange blossoms; six sets of fancy wristlets, made of velvet and laces; six French parasols, made of the most magnificent embossed velvet, with rich Chinoise carved handles; also three coquette parasols, simple and elegant; twelve pairs of open-worked and embroidered China silk hose; twenty-four pairs plain silk hose; twelve pairs Balmoral hose; twelve pairs of Paris thread hose, open-worked; twelve pairs of Paris thread hose, plain; twenty-four pairs of rich French embroidered elastics; twelve pairs of China silk undervests; twelve dozens of French kid gloves, of various colors; twelve pairs of gauntlets, buckskin and kid; twelve pairs of travelling gloves, gauntlet tops. The trousseau lace dress was the exact pattern of that used by the Princess Clothilde at the selection of the Empress Eugenie, having been reproduced in Europe expressly for this occasion. The lace is point plat, point aiguille, Chantilly, and Brussels—in fact, a combination of the most valuable lace known. Among the handkerchiefs were two of point d'Alencon lace, valued at 200 dollars each, and one Valenciennes, worth 250 dollars, the richest ever imported."

Ending, my granddaughter regarded me with a puzzled air—"Well?"

"Well, my dear?"

"What do you think about it all?"

"I was thinking what a contrast all these gowns are to the one the lady must some day, may any day, put on—plain white, 'frilled,' probably, but still plain enough; since after her first dressing, or rather being dressed, in it, no one will ever care to look at it or her any more."

Netty started—"Grandmamma, you don't mean a *shroud*?"

"Why not, child?—when, flounce and furbelow as we may, we shall all want a shroud sometime."

"But it is so dreadful."

"Not when one approaches as near to the time of wearing it as I do. Nor, at any age, is it half so dreadful to think of oneself, or of any fair body one loves, wrapped up in this garment,—as I wrapped your mother up when you were still a baby,—as to think of it docked out like that young creature whose 'trousseau' forms a feature in the public newspapers. She apparently comes to her husband so buried in 'clothes' that he must feel, poor man, as if he had married a walking linen-draper's shop, instead of a flesh and blood woman, with a heart and a brain, a sweet human body, and a responsible immortal soul;—ask yourself, would you wish to be so married, Netty, my dear?"

A toss of the curls, a flash of the indignant young eyes—

"Grannie, I'd rather be married like—like—Patient Griseldis!"

Suggesting that, out of the region of romance, Griseldis' costume might be, to say the least of it, cold—I nevertheless cordially agreed with my little girl, as a matter of principle. And I half sighed, remembering what was said to me about forty years ago, when I came, with only three gowns, one on and two off, a moderate store of linen, and five golden guineas in my pocket, to the tender arms that would have taken me without a rag in my trunk, or a penny in my purse—ay, and been proud of it, too! I did not tell Netty her grandfather's exact words;—but when she questioned, I gave her a full description of the costume in which I walked down the aisle of that village church with young Doctor Waterhouse—my dear husband that was then,—and is now, though his tablet has been in the said church aisle for twenty-two years.

When Netty was gone to her music lesson, I sat thinking—you hardly know how much we old folk enjoy thinking; the mere act of running over mentally, times, places, people and things—moralising upon past, present, and future, and evolving out of this undisturbed quietude of meditation that wisdom which is supposed to be the peculiar quality of old age. May I be allowed to take it for granted, therefore, that I am a little wiser than my neighbors, if only because I have more opportunity than they to ponder over what comes into my head during the long solitudes that any age may have, but old age must have? A solitude that ripens thought, smooths down prejudice, disposes to kindness and charity, and, I trust, gradually brings the individual nearer to that wide-eyed calm of vision with which, we believe, we shall all one day behold all things.

I could not get her out of my head—this New York belle, with her innumerable quantity of clothes. For, disguise them as you will into "dresses," "costumes," "toilettes," they all resolve themselves into mere "clothes"—used for the covering and convenience of this perishable machine of bone, muscle, sinew, and flesh—the temporary habitation of that "ego"—the true "me" of us all. One is tempted to inquire, viewing with the mind's eye such a mountain of millinery, what had become of this infinitesimal "me"—the real woman whom the Cuban gentleman married? If it were not crushed altogether out of identity by this fearful superincumbent weight—the weight—vide Times—of 16,400 dollars' worth of clothes!

The result of my thoughts is, if an old woman may speak her mind, rather serious; on this as well as the other side of the Atlantic. For, not to lay the whole burden on our Yankee sister—poor girl, how do I know that she may not be at heart as innocent a child as my Netty?—here is a paragraph I cut out of another paper—headed—"*Dress at Compiegne.*"

"Four toilettes a day are about the general requirement, though there are days when only three are necessary; the invitations are for eight days, and no lady is expected ever to be seen twice wearing the same gown. Count up this, and you will find an average of thirty-two toilettes to be carried to the Court. Suppose a female *invitee* to have a daughter or two with her, you come at once to ninety or ninety-six dresses! Now, the average of these gowns will be 250 francs (£10), and you reach for each person the figure of £300 or £320; if two persons, £640; if three, £960."

And all for one week's clothes!!

Far be it from me to undervalue dress. I am neither Quaker, Puritan, nor devotee. I think there is not a straw to choose between the monk of old, whose washing days occurred about twice a lifetime, and the modern "saint," who imagines he glorifies God by means of a ragged shirt and a dirty pocket-handkerchief; they are both equal, and equal fools. Scarcely less so is the "religious" woman who makes it a matter of conscience to hide or neutralize every physical beauty with which Nature has endowed her; as if He, who "so clothes the grass of the field" that even the meanest forms of his handiwork are lovely beyond all our poor imitating, were displeased at our delighting ourselves in that wherein He must delight continually. As if "Nature" and "grace" were two opposite attributes, and there could be any beauty in this world which did not proceed direct from God.

No; beauty is a blessing; and everything that innocently adds thereto is a blessing likewise, otherwise we should never have advanced from fig-leaves and beasts' skins to that harmony of form and color which we call good "dress," particularly as applied to women. From the peach-cheeked baby, smiling from behind her clouds of cambric, or her swansdown and Cashmere—fair as a rose-bud "with all its sweetest leaves yet folded"—to the picturesque old lady with her silver-gray or rich black silks, her delicate laces and her snowy lawns—there is nothing more charming, more satisfactory to eye and heart, than a well-dressed woman. Or man either. We need not revive the satire of Sartor Resartus, to picture what a ridiculous figure some of our honorable and dignified friends would cut on solemn occasions, such as a Lord Mayor's Show, a University procession, or a royal opening of Parliament, if condemned to strut therein after the fashion of their ancestors, simply and airily attired in a wolfskin, a blanket, or a little woad and red ochre, and a necklace of beads—to be quite convinced of the immense advantages of clothes.

No; whatever Netty may think when I check her occasional outbursts of linen-drapery splendor, I do not undervalue dress either in theory or practice; nor, to the latest hour of conscious volition, shall she ever see her grandmother looking one whit uglier than old age compels me to look. But every virtue may be exaggerated into a vice; and I often think the over-increasing luxury of this century is carrying to a dangerous extreme a woman's right of making herself charming by means of self-adornment.

First, it seems to me that the variety exacted by fashion is a great evil. Formerly, our ancestresses used to dress richly, handsomely; but it was in a solid, useful style of handsomeness. Gowns were not made for a month or a year; they were meant to last half a lifetime, or, perhaps, two lifetimes; for they frequently descended from mother to daughter. The stuffs which composed them were correspondingly substantial; I have a fragment of my grandmother's wedding-dress—stripes of pale satin and white velvet, with painted flowers—which might have gone through every generation from her to Netty without being worn out. This permanence of costume, both as to form and material, besides saving a world of time and trouble, must have given a certain solidity to female tastes very different from the love of flimsy change which is necessarily caused by the ever-shifting fashions and showy cheapnesses of our day. I may have an old woman's prejudice in favor of the grave rather than the gay; but Netty never takes me with her to choose her "summer dresses," that amidst all the glittering display I do not heave a sigh for the rich dark satins of my youth, that "stood alone," as dressmakers say—fell into folds, like a picture; and from month to month, and year to year, were never taken out of the drawer without seeming to dart from every inch of their glossy surface the faithful smile of an old friend—

"Here I am, just as good as ever; I can't wear out."

Looking the other day at the exquisite architecture, without as within, of Westminster Abbey, and thinking what infinite pains must have been bestowed upon even every square yard, I could not but contrast that century-grown, grand old building, in which each builder, founder, or workman was content to execute his small fragment, add it to the slowly advancing magnificent whole, and, unnoted, perish;—I could not, I say, help contrasting this with the Sydenham glass palace, the wonder of our modern day; but fifty years hence, where will it be? No less the difference between those queenly costumes made permanent on canvas or in illuminated missals—rich, sweeping, majestic; conveying, not the impression of a gown with a woman inside it, or a woman used as a peg whereon to hang a variety of gowns, but a woman whose gown becomes a portion of herself—a half invisible yet important adjunct of her own grace, sweetness, or dignity, though it would never strike one to criticise it as fashionable or unfashionable: certainly never to ask the address of her mantua-maker.

And this, it appears to me, is the limit at which expensive dress becomes, in every rank and degree, first a folly and then a sin—namely, when the woman is absorbed in, and secondary to, the clothes. When the planning of them, the deciding about them, and the varying them, occupy so much of her time or attention that dress assumes an importance *per se*, and she consequently, in all circumstances and societies, is taught to think less of what she is than of how she is attired. This, without distinction of station of wealth;—for the maid-servant, sitting up of nights to put a flounce to her barege gown, or stick artificial flowers under her tiny bonnet, is just as culpable as the Empress Eugenie, wearing and exacting four new *toilettes* per diem. And equally does one grieve to contemplate the American belle, taking out of her youthful love-dreamings, or her solemn meditations on the state which, as *Juliet* says,

"Well thou knowest, is full of cross and sin"—

the time required merely to choose and order those fourscore dresses, which, granted that she is rich enough to afford them, she can never possibly wear out before fashion changes. Lucky will be her lady's-maid, or maids, for she must require as many "dressers" as a royal personage; and lucky the New York buyers of *cast-off garments for years* to come.

Then—the packing! Even should the "Cuban don" travel in the style of a hidalgo, he cannot fail to be occasionally encumbered by the multiplicity of boxes which accompany his fair lady. And arrived at home—if he may hope for such a word—will it it not take an entire suite of rooms in which to stow away that fearful armount of finery. "My love," we can imagine the poor gentleman saying, when fairly distracted by the goodly array, "get rid of it anywhere you like; I don't care; I married you, and not your clothes."

A sentiment not uncommon to the male species. If women who are supposed to dress to please this sex did but know how much valuable exertion in that line is entirely thrown away upon them—how little they care for "white tulle with colored polka spots"—"moire antique with puffings of illusion"—a poor illusion, indeed—and how indifferent they are to the respective merits of "*point plat*," "*point aiguille*," Brussels and Valenciennes! Even in his most rapturous moment of admiration, a man is sure to say, generalizing, "How lovely you look!" never, "What a sweet, pretty dress you have on!"—The *tout ensemble* is all he notices. Most likely, he will approve more of your neat gingham or snowy muslin—or perhaps your rich, dark silk, with a bright ribbon that catches his eye and pleases his sense of color—than he will for your *toilette* most "*soignee*," with all its extravagance of trimmings and ornaments. Especially if he sees upon you that ornament which all the milliners cannot sell, nor all the beauties buy—"a meek and quiet spirit," which is, in the sight not only of God but man, "of great price."

"My poor New York bride," moralized I; "I wonder if, among your innumerable ornaments, you have ever dreamed of counting *that*!"

Viewed in this mood, the clothes question becomes a serious thing. It is not merely whether or no a lady is justified in spending so much money upon dress alone—or even the corresponding point, whether or no such ultra expense on costume be "good for trade." It becomes less a social and political than a moral question. Even though this extravagant personal luxury be temporarily beneficial to commerce, to countenance it is most assuredly "doing evil that good may come;" injuring fatally the aggregate morals of a country, and lowering its standard of ideal right—the first step in its decadence and ultimate degradation. For what sort of men and women are likely to grow up from the children of a generation which has its pocket-handkerchiefs of "point d'Alencon, valued at 200 dollars each, and Valenciennes, worth 250 dollars—the richest ever imported!" Oh, my sisters over the water, these were not the sort of brides who became Cornelias, Volumnias, and mothers of the Gracchi!

Perhaps there was some foundation in the cry set up and laughed down, a while ago, that the terrible commercial crisis of 1857, was caused by the extravagance of women's dress, especially American women. Even with us here, many prudent, practical young fellows, not too deeply smitten to feel "all for love, and the world well lost," yet secretly craving for home, and its comforts and respectabilities,

and acute enough to see that a bachelor is never worth half so much, either to himself, society, or the State, as a man who is "married and settled," may yet often be deterred from that salutary duty by—what? A vague dread of their wives' clothes.

Not quite without reason. No wonder that when he comes home from the blaze of an evening party to his Temple chambers or the snug solitudes of his Fellow's den, the worthy gentleman shivers inwardly at the idea of converting himself into a modern Orestes, haunted by winged Eumenides of milliners' bills—of having a large proportion of his hard-earned family income frittered away in "loves of laces," "exquisite ribbons," and all the fantasies of female dress which a man's more solid taste generally sets down at once as "rubbish." In which, not seldom, he is quite correct.

Women's modern propensities in this line might advantageously be restrained. It is frequently not the dress which costs so much as its extras; which rarely add to the effect, but often quite destroy that classic breadth and unity which, to my old-fashioned eyes, is one of the greatest charms in any costume. It is astonishing how much may be saved in the year by th s simple rule; Never buy fripperies.

I have one more word to say, and then I have done.

A woman should always remember that her clothes should be in expense and quantity proportioned to her own circumstances, and not those of her neighbor. The mingling of classes is good—that is, the frequent association of those persons who in effect form one and the same class, being alike in tastes, sympathies, moral purpose, and mental calibre,—however various be their degrees of annual income, worldly station, profession, trade, or unemployed leisure. Provided always that the one meeting-point, which likewise can alone be the fair point of rivalry, lies in themselves and not their externals. How can I, who have but £200 a-year, dress like my friend Mrs. Jones, who has £2,000?—but is that any reason why I, who am, I hope, as true a gentlewoman as she is, should eschew her very pleasant society, or, out of mere cowardice, ruin myself by mimicking her in the matter of clothes? Nothing is so fatal as the ever-increasing habit that I notice, of each class dressing, or attempting to dress, in a style equal to the class above it—the maid imitating her mistress, the young shop-girl the woman of fortune, and so on. Even mothers of families one sees continually falling into this error, and wearing gowns, shawls, &c., that most of necessity have pinched the family income for many a day. My dear ladies, will you not see that a good daily joint of meat on your table is far more conducive to the health and happiness of those sitting round it, than the handsomest silk gown placed at the head of it? that a good, well-paid domestic servant (and you cannot expect a good one unless well-paid) is of more worth to you and yours, in absolute comfort, than the very grandest of milliners or dressmakers?

I have lived long, my dears, and worn out a considerable quantity of linen-drapery in my time; but I can fearlessly assert that, at every age, as a young girl at home, a matron in her own house, and an old lady free to spend her income in her own way—the one economy which I have always found safest to practise, as being least harmful to oneself, and least annoying to other people, was—"clothes." And I shall try, if possible, to teach it to my granddaughter. Not that mean economy which hides poor materials by a tawdry "making up"—disguising cheap silks, coarse linen, and flimsy muslin by a quantity of false lace, sham jewelry, dirty ribbons, and ex-natural flowers,—but that quiet independence with which, believing that the woman herself is superior to anything she wears, we just wear fearlessly what suits our taste and our pocket—paying a due regard to colors, fashions, freshness, and cleanliness—but never vexing ourselves about immaterial items, and as happy in a dress of last year's fashion as if we had at command the whole establishment of the renowned Jane Clarke, who, they say,—but for the credit of womanhood I hope it is untrue,—ordered herself to be buried in a point lace shroud.

Ay, as I reminded my little Netty—we must all come to this last garment. To an old woman—who never will put off her black gown except for that white one—the matter of clothes seems often a very trivial thing, hardly worth, indeed, the prosy dissertation I have been led to give upon it. Let us only so clothe ourselves, that this frail body of ours, while it does last, may not be unpleasing in the sight of those who love us; and let us so use it in this life that in the life to come it may be found worthy to be "clothed upon" with its Maker's own glorious immortality.

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Colored Emigration to Hayti.—A few days ago, a vessel sailed from New Orleans, with eighty-one free colored persons, belonging in Louisiana, who go to try their chances in Hayti. The Picayune says:—'Among them are brick-makers, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, &c. Some of them are proficient weavers, who have long been employed making the stuff called Attakapas cottonade, so favorably known in the market. They take along with them the necessary machinery for that trade, and all sorts of agricultural and mechanical instruments. These eighty-one persons—twenty-four adults and fifty-seven children and youths—compose fourteen families, or rather households, for they are all related, and the eighty-one may be called one family. They are all in easy circumstances, some even rich, one family being worth as much as $50,000. They were all landowners in this State, and have sold out their property with the intention of investing their capital in Hayti. The Haytien Government has passed stringent laws to prevent idleness, and has even adopted coercive measures for the protection of industry; but the best argument they could use is certainly the example set by men of their own race, who, under the beneficial influences of the whites, have grown up in industrious habits and conservative principles. If anything can ever be done for Hayti, these are certainly the people to do it.

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Transfusion of Blood.—A successful case of transmission of b ood into the veins of a woman, was performed lately in Kilmarnock, Aryshire, Scotland. The woman, although in the prime of life, had become so weak from loss of blood, that pulsation was at times imperceptible. The blood of a friend was injected into a vein in one of her arms, and the most cheering results were immediately manifested. She continued to improve rapidly, and at last accounts was considered beyond danger.

# TRADE IN DIAMONDS.

Known from very early times, the diamond has always retained for itself the principal place among jewels. Still in the east, a superstitious feeling attaches itself to this stone, about which innumerable fables have, in various ages, been current. The orientals believe that certain diamonds shine in the dark, so as to be used by solitary students for lamps; and at Bagdad they say, in the reign of Haroun al Raschid, a youth was discovered in an oratory reading the Koran by the light of a diamond as large as a hen's egg. With respect to size, the exaggeration is not very great, since the stone found at Koloor fell little short, before it was cut and polished, of the dimensions attributed to the Bagdad stone by the imagination of the Arabs.

The trade in diamonds, though often highly lucrative, did not form a separate branch of commerce till a comparatively recent date, and even now is seldom entirely detached from the traffic in other gems; yet it demands so much skill, acuteness, and experience, that those only achieve great success who devote themselves exclusively to this department of trade. Its profitableness, however, depends much on fashion, on accidental variations in public taste, and on fluctuations in the supply, regulated by no law, and therefore not to be foreseen or guarded against. Where these glittering vanities will turn up, science is unable to determine. They are found in mountains and on plains, in ploughed fields and in marshes, in India, in Siberia, in Borneo, and in Brazil. Sometimes there is a scarcity of them, at other times a glut; but whether scarce or plentiful, there has never since their discovery been a period during which they have not constituted a favorite article of regal and imperial magnificence, and been thought to lend additional splendor to beauty itself.

Throughout the east, queens and princesses never consider themselves properly apparelled unless they have a blaze of diamonds about their waists, ornaments of the same gems flashing between the tresses of their raven hair, and descending in festoons upon their bosoms. Sultans and chiefs also aim at producing effect upon their subjects by decorating their persons after the same fashion, and studding the hilts and scabbards of their poinards and sabres with jewels. Here, in Europe, the same taste, a little modified, prevails. Men do not consider it effeminate or ridiculous to wear diamond-rings, while women are often vainer of these brilliants than of their own personal charms. The wife of an English ambassador appeared, not very long ago, at the French court with a million's worth of jewels on her dress, so that, as she moved beneath the vast chandeliers of the Tuileries, she looked like a personification of the mines of Golconda. Most persons will remember what marvels have been wrought by diamond-necklaces, and how the fate of thrones and the destinies of whole nations have been influenced by one woman's passion for these adornments. Once at Calcutta, a curious substitute for diamonds was used by a lady at the governor-general's ball. She caught a number of fireflies, and stitched them to her dress in diminutive bags of gauze. The effect was striking beyond conception. As she moved, the flies shot forth their light, so that the side of her dress which was turned from the chandelier seemed to be spotted with fire.

With the changing phases of civilization, all kinds of jewels rise or fall in public esteem. The diamond seems to have exerted its greatest influence during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, when the belief in its mysterious properties was still rife throughout Christendom. Merchants then travelled over the whole east, exposing themselves to every kind of peril, and enduring hunger, thirst, and extreme fatigue, to collect these glittering spoils of the earth, by dealing in which they amassed princely fortunes, purchased immense estates, and founded powerful families. Accident occasionally came to the aid of their skill and intrepidity. Amid the ruins, for example, of Constantinople, a poor boy picked up a diamond which he sold to a janizary for fourpence; the soldier, in his turn, disposed of it to some else for a few shillings; and thus the jewel proceeded from hand to hand, until, for a comparatively small sum, it became the property of a merchant, who obtained for it, from Sultan Mourad II., the sum of a hundred thousand crowns. So, again, in India, a poor peasant, turning up the soil with his plough, was struck by the peculiar glitter of a pebble lying among other stones. Stopping his oxen, he picked it up, and though he understood nothing of gems, immediately, with the quickness of an oriental, persuaded himself he had found a prize. Abandoning his plough, therefore, and wrapping up the pebble in a rag, he walked, barefoot, a distance of forty miles, to Golconda, where his good fortune directed him to an honest merchant, who informed him he was in possession of the largest diamond in the world. What sum he obtained for it, is not stated; but it was sufficient to enrich both himself and his descendants. The history of this stone, if it could be given in full, would form a volume. Having been purchased by an ambitious chief, eager to barter his ornaments for political power, he presented it to the great descendant of Baber, Aurungzebe. From him it passed down, through various vicissitudes, to the last Sikh ruler of the Punjaub, and became, by victory, the property of the East India Company. However vast might be its value, they made a present of it to the Queen: and under the name of Kohinoor, or Mountain of Light, it was beheld by millions of the English people, beneath a strong iron grating, at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

When a diamond-merchant travelled eastward from Europe, wherever he made known his destination, princes and grandees were sure to intrust him with fresh orders, particularly in Turkey and Persia. Before he reached India, therefore, his commissions were often so numerous that he had much difficulty, even in the mart of Golconda, to find gems sufficient to supply the demands of his customers. The great traveller, Tavernier, may be looked upon as a fair representative of the diamond-dealers of his age. Being a man of more than ordinary intelligence, who extended the sphere of his observations considerably beyond the limits of commerce, he was often consulted by the most powerful princes, whose understandings, however, were not always commensurate with their riches and authority. Of a conversation which he once had with a shah of Persia, he had left a minute and curious account; but as it did not turn on the diamond trade, it would be beside our purpose to repeat it. When he made known his intention of visiting the Indian mines, most of those with whom he conversed sought to dissuade him from realizing his design, by representing them as encircled by every kind of danger, malaria of the most deadly kind, forests infested by wild beasts, and tribes of men surpassing the worst of these in ferocity. But the traveller, confiding in his own experience, despised all their warnings.—He had invariably found perils vast and threatening at a distance diminish as he approached, especially where he had to deal with men, who might generally be conciliated by fair words and the act of putting confidence in them.

The condition of the Deccan, it must be owned, was far better then than it has been since. At the present day, it would hardly be safe for a merchant with large bags of gold to travel from the coast of Malabar, through the gorges of the Western Ghauts, to Bejapore and Golconda, since he would be nearly certain to encounter predatory bands of Arabs, breaking away, perhaps, from the service of the Nizam, or on the way to offer to his Highness the use of their swords. Thugs, Phansigurs, Dakoits, and other robbers, in spite of the police organized by the English, might likewise have something to say to his treasures and to his throat. But in those days of Mogul supremacy, when the sceptre of Delhi was stretched with more or less vigor over all India, the adventurous diamond-merchant landed at Surat, familiar to all readers of the Arabian Nights, and made his way without let or hindrance to Golconda. There, under the charge of an apothecary, he left a large portion of his wealth, and with the remainder proceeded to the mines.

Nearly all the old writers describe the scene of their operations in a vague and unsatisfactory manner, which imparts an air of romance to their accounts, but compels us to have recourse to more modern authorities when we would acquire precise information. The diamond mines of India are chiefly situated between the Kistnah and Pennar rivers, and many of them cluster about both banks of the latter stream. The gems are found in the alluvial soil, or in rocks of the most recent formation, in lands not greatly elevated above the level of the sea. Not far distant, however, are ranges of hills about a thousand feet in height, in one of which the Pennar rises, and after forcing its way through a gap in the other, flows through a channel alternately soft and rocky, through the district of Nellore. The search for diamonds still goes on as of old; the speculators farm from the government plots of ground, more or less extensive, which they enclose with a low fence, within which they carry on their operations. Large gems are rarely found, but when they do turn up, a third of their value is claimed by the government, which is therefore far more grasping and oppressive than in the seventeenth century, when it was satisfied with a duty of two per cent. from the seller and buyer. The enthusiasm which once animated this branch of industry has almost entirely died away. The work is carried on languidly both here and at Sumbhulpore on the Mahanuddy, where 60,000 men, women and children were once beheld diffused like swarms of bees over the plain, digging, washing, sorting, or bearing bags of jewels in the matrix to the offices of the overseers. Smaller diamonds are discovered by their sparkle amid the gravel, which shows they are only fragments of larger stones broken by accident, because, when entire, they are wrapped in a crust, polished and shining, indeed, like pebbles on the sea shore, but disclosing no other symptoms of the brilliance within.

Nothing like a philosophical history of precious stones has yet been written. We know nothing of the chemical process by which nature forms them, nothing of the materials of which they are composed, for all that has been discovered by experiment amounts to this, that the diamond may be destroyed by immense heat. Practically, it is observed that it acquires certain peculiarities from the nature of the soil in which it is found. When perfect, it exactly resembles so much pure water, congealed by nature's chemistry, and rendered harder than the hardest metal. When its interior is exposed, by polishing, to the light, the rays of the sun descend into its depths, and playing and wandering there, are reflected, refracted, and intermingled, so as to produce an almost supernatural blaze of splendor. From this unclouded brilliance, the diamond passes through a thousand intermediate changes to absolute black, when it presents the appearance of translucent ebony. Occasionally, when it has been steeped for thousands of years in a morass, it assumes the hues of the beryl or of the topaz, or even of a very pale sapphire. The last is least in esteem among the merchants, who detect its lurking blue by examining it under the thick foliage of a tree. In Europe, lapidaries study the water of the diamond in broad daylight; but the Hindoos, for this purpose, prefer the night. Placing a powerful lamp in a square opening in a wall, they stand before it, and hold up the diamond between the finger and thumb against the stream of light, which enables them to detect the minutest flaw in its interior.

When the trade was at its height, a merchant arriving from foreign countries was waited on by the governor, who explained the rules in conformity with which business was carried on in the place; he then, if the stranger consented, took all the money he had brought with him into his keeping, and bound himself to answer for its safety to the smallest fraction; but both Mahommedan and Hindoo dealers were so addicted to the practice of fraud, that the government found itself under the necessity of keeping the strictest possible watch upon them. A secret war, indeed, was always carried on between the rulers and the merchants—the former seeking to obtain their share of all profits made; the latter, to elude their demands. In Tavernier's case, four inferior officers were granted him, nominally as a guard of honor, but in fact as spies upon his proceedings, for, having never been accustomed to honesty, the worthy governor found himself under the necessity of suspecting and watching everybody. But Hindoo craft easily outgeneraled the heavy wits of the Moslems. One day, as the traveller was seated enjoying himself in the midst of his guards, a native merchant approached, dressed in mean attire, and displaying every external token of poverty, but, accustomed to the devices of the Hindoos, the European took no notice of this fact, and invited the Banian to sit down beside him. He was, of course, a dealer in precious stones, though, apprehensive of the rapacity of the government, or preferring mystery before open dealing, he would not enter upon business in presence of the Mahommedan guards. He had, however, timed his visit well; the hour of prayer approached, when these disciples of Mohammed would, he conjectured, in spite of all earthly considerations, depart to repeat their orisons in the mosque. As soon as the muezzin's voice was heard from a neighboring minaret summoning the faithful to their devotions, three of the four spies attended to the call; but the fourth, having the fear of the governor before his eyes, remained to observe the dealings of the Frank and the Hindoo. Tavernier, however, was not to be so disappointed; pretending to be without bread, he despatched the Moslem to the town in search of some, and was thus at liberty to converse on business with the Banian.

The Hindoo, now unrolling his long, dark hair, drew forth from among its plaits a diamond of so rare a lustre that the traveller was struck with extraordinary admiration. It weighed nearly fifty carats, and its pure transparency appeared to be without flaw; but the money he had with him fell greatly short of the price of so precious a jewel, though he could not restrain himself from gazing at its beauty. "Do not waste your time," said the Hindoo, "but meet me in the evening outside the city wall; bring a sufficient sum along with you, and the diamond shall be yours." At the time appointed, just as the shades of evening were thickening into night, the merchant, without attendant or witness, repaired to the place of meeting, and the dealer, being true to his word, brought along with him the gem, which Tavernier afterwards sold to a Dutch officer on the Malabar coast for what he called an honest profit, which in all likelihood, was considerable.

The quickness and penetration of the diamond-dealers of Golconda, which invariably excite the astonishment of strangers, may easily be accounted for by the nature of their business education. At the age of six years, the sons of the dealers commence their studies; not in schools or colleges, but on the public mart. The boys are formed into a sort of guild, at the head of which is the senior of the company. They are each furnished with a bag of gold and a pair of scales, and thus equipped, they seat themselves cross-legged in a circle, and await in silence the coming of the sellers. When a person with any precious stone presents himself, he delivers it to the head of the guild, who, after due deliberation, hands it to the boy next to him in age, and he to the next, until it has made the circuit of the whole body. It is supposed that by some touch of the hand given while passing on the gem, the boys intimate to each other their favorable or unfavorable opinion, for not a word is spoken or a look exchanged, as far as the keenest observer can perceive. The diamond is then weighed, and either bought or rejected. Every day they make up their accounts, and divide the profits equally among them all, save that one quarter per cent. is given in addition to the eldest boy. If, however, he should be unlucky enough to make a bad bargain, the entire loss falls upon him. But so great, as a rule, is their skill, that any member of the guild will, in case of pressure, take at its full price the purchase of any other without the least examination.

Much the same system is pursued by the older dealers, except that they affect greater mystery. It has been already stated that a percentage of the gains made by the dealers is paid to the government; and as eastern rulers are often unscrupulous in all transactions with their subjects, the latter have recourse to the most subtle craft in self-defence. This fact will satisfactorily account for the following mystical method of buying and selling. The nature of the article to be transferred and the denomination of the coin being understood, the seller spreads out the end of his waist-shawl, and places his hand beneath it; the buyer immediately introduces his hand likewise, and the pantomime commences. The use of language on these occasions is entirely abjured, so that, on the Exchange of Golconda, millions may pass from man to man in absolute silence. Two or three hundred merchants, perhaps, seated in couples upon the floor, are engaged in making bargains, which, taken altogether, would represent the wealth of whole kingdoms. When the buyer offers a thousand pagodas, he grasps the entire hand of the seller, and for every thousand gives a separate pressure. If he grasps the fingers only, he means five hundred; one finger, one hundred; from the middle joint, fifty; from the lower, ten. There are masonic tokens for smaller sums, but these seem to have escaped detection. It is obviously practicable for persons who do business after this fashion to estimate their own income-tax in defiance of the government myrmidons, and thus the most opulent of the Hindoos are able to conceal the amount of their riches, and the extent of the transactions they carry on.

Most Asiatics entertain peculiar notions respecting silence, and it was from them, unquestionably, that Pythagoras learned to associate disuse of the tongue with the study of wisdom. At the Borneo diamond-mines there is a superstition connected with this subject, which may be worth mentioning. The persons employed in the washings are enjoined to abstain at least from loud talking, lest they should offend the presiding spirit of the mines, who, in revenge for the disturbance of his repose, might frustrate their search after the riches he dispenses to mortals. Yet all sounds are not displeasing to him; with the voice of a woman's singing his ear is charmed; and if, in addition to a sweet voice, she happen to possess a beautiful countenance, he pours the jewels without stint into her lap.

A complete revolution was brought about in the diamond-trade, in 1844, by the discovery of the mines of Sincura, in Brazil. For ages, it had been known that the diamond was produced in that empire, whence the King of Portugal obtained the gem long regarded as the finest in the world. But in the year above mentioned, accident threw open to the enterprise of the Brazilians what may be denominated the great diamond-fields, which have been not unaptly compared to the valley of Sindebad, and the jeweled gardens of Aladdin. All the social phenomena since witnessed at the diggings of California and Australia, were then exhibited at Sincura. The sugar-growers deserted their works, the merchants their counting-houses, sailors their vessels, and even effeminate gentlemen their pleasures, and rushed to the diamond-mines, where for a while they picked up jewels by handfuls. This new source of wealth was discovered by a slave, who, having collected gems of immense value, travelled a great distance to dispose of them. The avarice of the authorities being thus excited, the slave was seized and thrown into prison, where means—none of the gentlest, we may be sure, were employed to compel him to disclose the site of his discovery. But the obstinacy of the African proved more than an equal match for the cruelty of the Brazilians, though not for their cunning. His escape was purposely connived at, but several Indians were put upon his trail, and these following him like blood-hounds night and day, at length beheld him rooting up for diamonds at the foot of the Sincura Mountains.

What became of the black finder is not stated; but no sooner had it been ascertained that the precious stones really existed there in great abundance, than the population of the province multiplied as if by miracle, swelling in a few months from 6,000 to 30,000. To the credit of the Government, freedom of search was granted to all comers, which at the outset induced the most fearful desperadoes, robbers, and murderers to engage in the operation. No police existed, provisions were scarce and difficult to be procured, and violence and assassination became common incidents. By degrees, however, a regular police was established, and a certain amount of order introduced, after which the business was conducted in something like a civilized fashion.

Three-fourths of the early exports from Sincura found their way to England, the remainder was distributed through France and Germany, and employed all the lapidaries in Europe for several years. But however abundant may be the mines, the Brazilian gems are inferior in lustre, as well as in dimensions, to the oriental. Those of Paraguacu are of a dun color, while such as are found at Lancoes are white or pale green, which are most highly valued in commerce. The flooding of the market occasioned by this discovery, diminished, as might have been expected, the value of diamonds, which, in a few years, sunk 25 or 30 per cent. The chemical experiments, moreover, which have lately been made in all parts of Europe, have deprived this gem of its title to be considered adamantine—incapable of being subdued by the force of the elements. Innumerable experiments, however, have now shown that a degree of heat insufficient even to affect the polish of the ruby, will reduce the diamond to white ashes. But, though more indestructible, all rubescent gems are inferior to the diamond in beauty. In this quality it still surpasses every species of jewel, not even excepting the opal, which sometimes throws forth a wilderness of brilliant colors in the light. It has been found, in the east, that burning in a moderate fire improves the water of the diamond, and changes its hues from dusky green or beryl yellow to transparent white.

In cutting and polishing these stones, very different processes are followed in different countries. In some, a number of small facets are preferred; whilst in others, the lapidaries aim at producing longitudinal flat surfaces, which permit the rays of light to pass undisturbed into the interior of the gem, where they are met by the rays entering through other facts, and create a commingling of brilliance which appears to kindle before the eye. The objection to this latter mode of cutting is, that it greatly diminishes the weight of the stone, though it undoubtedly gains in splendor what it loses in dimensions. An anecdote is somewhere related of a Venetian lapidary who, having been employed by a Prince to cut and polish a diamond, presented it to him so diminished in size, that he ordered him to be put to death. Calculating upon the possibility of such a result, the Venetian had only cut a model in glass, and carried the real diamond in his pocket. This, therefore, he produced to calm the Prince's rage; but immediately, by reasoning and argument, convinced him that the jewel, if reduced according to his model, would be worth far more than in the rough state. He was therefore commissioned to do, with the owner's consent, what, had he done it previously, would have cost him his life. Many years afterwards, he used to point jocularly to his wife's necklace, saying: "There is what my head was thought to be worth by a King!"

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Finale of the Chicago Sickles Case.—The Press and Tribune relates the following circumstances, which contain what may be termed the "finishing touch" to the Sickles case in that region:

*Kaufkolz Runs Away with Mrs. Williams.*—Our readers have been made acquainted with an affair occurring not long since on the W-st Side, where an enraged and outraged husband named Williams, a young German, attempted to avenge himself, *a la* Sickles, by shooting Kaufkolz. The latter received a severe wound, and, but for the brave defence made by his dog, would have been killed. Williams made a straight rush for the jail, and demanded to be committed, saying it was "a Sickles ca-e." He evidently believed, and openly expressed his wish that Kaufkolz would die. The latter, however, didn't die, but "on the contrary, quite the reverse," for he sent for Mrs. Williams, and while the husband was cooling his rage in jail, and waiting for death to avenge his wrongs, Kaufkolz was enjoying the society and at endiance of the frail and fickle dame, under which treatment he recovered so fast, that on Thursday the guilty couple packed up their traps, with everything of Williams' that they could lay their hands on, sent to him in his cell a letter of farewell, cool as a chunk of Nova Zembla ice, and while the poor fellow raved himself perfectly frantic at this fresh phase in the affair, they were off for parts unknown.

## POLITICAL NEWS.

Congress—Making an Effort.—On Friday of last week, the Democrats concentrated their votes on Mr. Smith, of N. C., the last candidate of the Southern Americans. After a number of North-Western Democrats had changed in his favor, and four of the People's Party withdrawn from him, the vote stood as follows:—

THIRTY-EIGHTH BALLOT.

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| Whole number of votes, | 228 |
| Necessary to a choice, | 115 |
| Mr. Smith, of N. C., (South. Oppo.) | 112 |
| Mr. Sherman, (Repub.) | 106 |
| Mr. Corwin, (Repub.) | 4 |
| Scattering, | 6 |

For Mr. Corwin—Messrs. Morris, of Pa., Scranton, Sherman, and Wood—4.
For Mr. Babcock—Mr. Roman.
For Mr. Clark, of N. Y.—Mr. Adrain.
For Mr. Davis, of Ind.—Mr. Allen.
For Mr. Howard—Mr. Davis, of Ind.
For Mr. Vance—Mr. Smith, of N. C.
For Mr. Pennington—Mr. Nixon.
Mr. Millward (People's Party of Penna.) voted for Mr. Smith.

After the vote, the Republicans insisted on an adjournment till Monday. It was supposed they would nominate either Corwin or Pennington on Monday, if they thought they could throw a larger vote for either than for Sherman. The general impression is a Speaker will soon be elected.

The Republican Caucus.—At a caucus of the Republican members of the House on Saturday, Mr. Sherman proposed to withdraw his name as a candidate on Monday. It was generally supposed that the Republicans, &c., would concentrate on Mr. Pennington, of New Jersey, who, it was thought, could be elected.

Florida.—A bill recently passed both houses of the Florida Legislature for the expulsion of the free negroes from that State, but the Governor refused to affix his signature, and the measure failed.

Inter State Courtesies.—The members of the Kentucky and Tennessee Legislatures have been visiting the Ohio Legislature at Columbus. They were heartily welcomed by Gov. Dennison, of Ohio.

Gov. Magoffin, of Kentucky, returned thanks in the name of the people of Kentucky, for the cordial welcome tendered. He had expected a warm welcome, but was not prepared for such a greeting. He would take home this welcome to the people of Kentucky, and tell them that all we have to do to keep the Government united, is to see each other oftener, and know each other better.

Gov. Magoffin introduced Colonel Newcomb, of the Tennessee Legislature, who responded in behalf of that State. He said that while Congress cannot organize, Ohio, Tennessee and Kentucky can meet and greet each other as brethren. He eulogized the Union and the Constitution. The speech was received with great applause.

The members of all three Legislatures then visited Cincinnati, where they had a "tremendous reception." The Governor and Legislature of New York have invited them all to visit Albany.

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The Elopement of Mrs. Gurney.—A Philadelphia correspondent of the *Daily Tribune* says:—

*A paragraph among the foreign news by a late arrival makes brief mention of the elopement of the wife of John Henry Gurney with her footman. Mr. Gurney is the son of Joseph John Gurney, the distinguished Quaker preacher and philanthropist, well known by his extensive travels in this country, some years ago, for the purpose of visiting the meetings of the Society to which he belonged. The latter was a brother of the well-known banker, Samuel Gurney; his sister was the celebrated Elizabeth Fry, and his widow is a native of Pennsylvania. The family name and character are thus familiar to thousands in this country, who will be interested in hearing some particulars of the domestic desolation so hastily dispatched in the foreign summary. Letters received here by the last steamer have been shown to me, which furnish full particulars of the case.* The fugitive wife was the only child of Richard Gurney, M. P., a cousin of Joseph John, and was married to the husband she has abandoned when she was only fifteen years old. She is now twenty-eight, and has two children. Her father, at his death, left a fortune of $5,000,000—one half to her children, and the income of the other half to her during her life—the principal, at her death, to go also to her children. In addition to this abundance, her husband is also very wealthy, a Member of Parliament, and maintains a splendid city establishment and several country seats. As a man, a citizen, a husband, and a father, perhaps all England does not contain a better or brighter character. He married for love, and was passionately attached to his wife, lavishing on her every attention and indulgence which an overflowing fortune and affection could suggest as likely to contribute to her happiness, without for a moment suspecting that her loyalty to him had been alienated, until he heard the blasting intelligence from her own lips.

A young man whose name is Taylor, had been highly recommended to Mr. Gurney as a groom or footman, to take charge of Mrs. Gurney's horses, as she was excessively fond of equestrian exercise, and was accordingly employed in that capacity. Taylor was an educated man, of fine appearance and pleasing manners, and three or four years younger than his mistress. Thus thrown often together, she conceived a passion for her servant, of which her husband did not entertain the remotest idea, until she openly avowed it to him, declaring that, though the latter had been faultless as a husband, and only too indulgent, yet she had ceased to love him; that her heart was with Taylor, and that she had determined to abandon the husband for him. The tenderest remonstrance and intercession availed nothing to lessen her infatuation. Friends and relatives who were called in to plead with her made no stronger impression; and, leaving her children without shedding a tear, this infatuated being abandoned as miserable a home as woman ever inhabited, and left England for the Continent in company with her seducer. The letters referred to speak of this sad event as having produced an extraordinary sensation in England, where the Gurney family has long been universally known and loved. In this country, also, where their virtues are as highly appreciated by a very extensive circle, these particulars will be read with equal astonishment and grief.

—A Paris letter writer says that Mrs. Gurney is not deterred by her position from appearing in public. She walks daily on the Boulevards, seemingly watching with the greatest interest the erection of the little line of shops for the sale of New Year's trifles, which are rising on either side, and wears a certain wide-awake hat, adorned with a long feather, which gives her an extremely juvenile appearance. She is of small figure, with a round face and ruddy complexion, small sparkling black eyes, and quantities of dark hair encircling her face, and gathered on the neck behind. Her companion, though of somewhat foxy tint, has, as well, a quiet and subdued expression, which gives him the look of a pensive shepherd who has tended his flock till he has grown into the likeness of one of his own sheep. This may originate in the awkwardness of his present position, for it is quite consoling to see how his outward appearance coincides with the present French fashion, which requires every male Parisian to look like an English groom, if wishing to be taken for a Frenchnobleman.

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Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 181—adults 92, and children 89.

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Madame Bodisco attended the President's last levee in her court dress, valued at $50,000. The masses stared.

## NEWS ITEMS.

MACAULAY'S death was so sudden that none of his relations were present. Lady Trevelyan had left him at four on Wednesday, very much in his usual state of health. She was summoned at eight, to find him a corpse in his chair. The immediate cause of death was collapse, consequent on a most violent and prolonged fit of coughing.

A FLOCK of wild geese passed over Augusta, Me., recently, on their way north. Probably they mistook the January thaw for the approach of spring.

A NEW NOSE.—A physician of Milwaukie, Wisconsin, lately made a partially new nose for a man named Ward. The doctor cut a piece of flesh from the patient's arm and attached it to his nose, and having, by a process peculiar to such operations, covered it with a cuticle, in a few days he had as sound and good-looking a nose as ever the natural one was.

A MERCHANT OF CINCINNATI ARRESTED IN GERMANY.—A well-known citizen of Cincinnati, Mr. Joseph Schierberg, late partner in the mercantile firm of Conrad & Schierberg, who is now travelling in Europe, has been arrested in the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, Germany, upon the claim that he, although an American citizen, owes that Duchy military service. Mr. S. immediately wrote to Mr. Wright, the American Minister at Berlin, and expected to secure his prompt release.

ENLARGEMENT OF PARIS.—On the morning of January 1st, the whole circumference of Paris stepped out a mile and drew within its embraces three hundred thousand new inhabitants. Paris now contains a population of a million and a half. When completed, the new city will be thirty miles in circumference, with ninety-two gates. The old octrol wall is to be converted into a boulevard and planted with trees, and will constitute the largest street in the world.

SEVERAL weeks since, chloroform was administered to a young man by the name of Buffington, living near Rome, Ga., for the purpose of having a tooth extracted, and the effect was to make him blind.

THE Mayor of Lawrence and the committee of relief announce that so generous have been the contributions for the sufferers by the recent calamity, that no more assistance than what has already been pledged and subscribed will be required to provide for the wants of the really needy.

IT is announced in the fashionable world that the handsome Madame Bodisco, widow of the late Russian Ambassador, will shortly wed Captain Scott, of the British navy.

TOCCHINO the rumored marriage of Garibaldi, letters from Como reiterate the statement, the day named being the 15th of January. His son has already married the young daughter of Count Raimondi (aged sixteen); the widowed General marries the elder daughter, aged twenty, who is described as endowed with the attributes Scott depicted in Diana Vernon.

THE Emporia (Kansas) News says that a land-warrant for one hundred and sixty acres, issued to "Susan Decatur, widow of Commodore Stephen Decatur," was located a few days ago by a citizen of this county at the Land-Office at Lecompton.

GARIBALDI'S possible bride is the daughter of the Marquis of Raimondi, a young, spirited lassie of nineteen, who, during the last campaign, gave Garibaldi repeated and important tidings of the movements of Urban and his troops. Her patriotism and her horsewomanship touched the warrior's heart; her father is extremely anxious for the match, and it is probable that toward the end of January Giorgina Raimondi will fill the place left vacant just ten years ago by Anita, his Brazilian bride.

GRACE GREENWOOD gave a lecture to the convicts and visitors at the Ohio Penitentiary on Sunday. About a thousand persons were in attendance, and her opening remarks about the endearments of home, fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, were exceedingly affecting, moving many to tears. She held up to the admiration and wonder of her hearers, the *character and qualities of heart of Lady Franklin*, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Kane, and many others, and retired from that singular audience with blessings from those whose feelings were wrought upon as only they can be touched by a lady of Grace Greenwood's gifts.

THE PLANTS FOR THE SOUTH.—The Agricultural Bureau, at Washington, is about to distribute a number of tea plants in those States south of Virginia, but none will be sent North until April. There are no seeds this year to be given to members of Congress, as has generally been done hitherto. Owing to the limited amount of appropriation on hand the office was unable to purchase any.

MINNESOTA papers announce with evident satisfaction the advent of better times, the revival of business, a greater plentifulness of money in that State. The amount of grain now in the State, which will be forwarded to market in the Spring, is estimated at over 2,000,000 bushels, and this will contribute still further to the general relief.

THE Principal of the State Military College of Louisiana, at Alexandria, is said to be a brother of the Hon. John Sherman, the candidate of the Republicans for Speaker of the House. So says the New Orleans Bulletin.

MR. JEREMIAH CAPPELL, formerly an actor in a Baltimore theatre, recently made his appearance in the streets of that city, clad in a pair of light drawers, and shirt outside, and patent leather boots. A red shawl was thrown around his shoulders, and on his head he wore a red striped cap. He was followed by a large crowd of men, boys, and girls, and finally fell into the hands of the police, who locked him up.

PROFESSOR KEPT, whose theory of storms has been the subject of so much scientific discussion, died in Cincinnati, on Wednesday. He was for many years employed as a government meteorologist, and in former years a teacher in Philadelphia. He was a man of considerable scientific attainments.

Dr. S. G. HOWE, of Boston, has returned from Canada, and is expected to appear before the Senate Investigating Committee this week.

ROSA BONHEUR.—An artist friend gives me a fresh and reliable bit of news about Rosa Bonheur. That triumphant specimen of a manly woman, is about to visit the United States professionally. An opulent French gentleman, an enthusiast in art, some time since commissioned her ladyship to cross the Atlantic, proceed to the great prairies of the far west, and paint, from life, a herd of wild buffalo. She was to take her own time, accomplish it in her own way, and fix her own price. At first she declined to entertain the proposition, but finally, after turning it over in her mind, and reflecting upon what an original and splendid work she could make, she has accepted the offer and comes over in the spring to make the picture. It has given the French individual feelings of the most celestial character, and made him, in fact, the most tickled person in all Gaul.—*New York Correspondent of the Press.*

HORRIBLE DEATH.—We learn that last week Mr. L. T. Rhatt, an aged and well known citizen of Murderkiln Hundred, in Sussex county, came to his death under the following painful circumstances: He had for some time past been engaged in the grain business. Having occasion, on Saturday week, to enter a granary which was empty, a laborer who was passing carelessly by closed the door, which, fastening on the outside, left Mr. R. imprisoned. His family became alarmed at his prolonged absence, and search was instituted, but it proved unavailing, until the granary was casually opened on Saturday last, one week from his incarceration, when it was discovered that he had starved to death. His business acquaintance was very extensive, and his untimely death has cast a gloom over the neighborhood.—*Delaware Gazette.*

A CURIOUS WELL.—A citizen of Weak's Mills, in China, while digging for a well recently, when he had dug down about 25 feet, came to a bed of clay which began to give way under his feet. He immediately sprang into a tub that had been suspended to receive the excavated earth, when the clay which gave way under the pressure of his feet at once began to rise towards him. He thrust his spade into the mass and the waters gushed forth. Supposing that he had struck a profuse vein of water, he ascended and commenced throwing in stone to serve as a foundation for stoning it up. But every stone he cast down disappeared below the water's surface, and when he had thus disposed of several tons the greedy well looked up, like Oliver Twist, for more. The man resorted to soundings, but his poles would not reach the bottom. Lines were tried with heavy sinkers, which went down eighty feet, and made no report. "All is well that ends well," but this affair ended in something else than a well, proving to be a subterranean basin of water, the soundings of which, when our informant left China, had not been made. The locality of this singular discovery is some mile or so away from one of the open ponds in China, and on an elevation considerably above it.—*Maine Farmer.*

VOLCANO IN NEW YORK.—The Troy *Arena*, of the 16th inst., makes the somewhat incredible statement that there is a volcano in Putnam county, in the State of New York, in a mountain known as Break Neck Mountain. It says that "there is an opening of a cavernous description, somewhat irregular in its direction, and twenty feet or more diameter, out of which, at certain times, there issue masses of matter with great force. These eruptions are composed of vitreous and mineral substances of various kinds, together with fragments of trees, and not unfrequently mingled with evidences of animal existence. These masses amount, sometimes, in bulk, to several tons; they cause a deafening roar, and are accompanied by fire and smoke. The existence of this volcano has not been known until lately, which is probably the reason that it has attracted no more notice."

☞ Judge Day, of Ireland, was a remarkably tall man, and an intimate friend of Sir Arthur Clarke, who was almost a dwarf. It was a standing joke with the wags of Dublin, to liken the colossal judge and his diminutive companion to the 21st of June, inasmuch as they jointly constituted the longest Day and the shortest Knight.

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.—It is real pleasure to us to speak favorably of this article known almost universally to be a good and safe remedy for burns and other pains of the body. It is valuable not only for colds in the winter, but for various summer complaints, and should be in every family.—*Christian Advocate.*

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1890 head. The ruling rates were 8 to 9½c for prime and the best quality, and 6 to 8c for ordinary and inferior lots. Sheep—3600 head arrived, and sold at from 5 to 5½c, live weight, equal to 10@11c dressed. Cows—50 at market, and selling at from $30 to 60, according to quality.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 1413 head were at market, and sold at $7 to 8¼ ₩ 100 net, Ds according to quality.

### NEW YORK MARKETS.

Jan. 28.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour heavy; sales of 3500 bbls at $4,95@5,05 for State. Wheat dull and heavy. Corn dull but nominally unchanged.—Pork firm at $17 for old Mess, $17,87½ for new do, $11,87½ for old Prime, and $13,62½@13,75 for new do. Lard is steady. Whiskey dull at 24½c.

## THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| LOANS. | | |
| U S 6 pr ct, 1 to 6 | | |
| " " '62 | 108 | — |
| " " '67 | 109 | — |
| " " '68 | 109 | — |
| " 6's coupon '74 | 103½ | — |
| Phila 6 pr ct, old | 98½ | 99 |
| " " new | 102 | 103 |
| " 5 " | 84 | — |
| Pitts 6 pr ct, | 75 | — |
| " 5 " coupon | — | 95 |
| All'gy City 6 pr ct | 65 | 70 |
| " County | — | — |
| R R issue | 44 | 50 |
| Penn 6 pr ct | 102 | — |
| " 5 " | 92 | 92½ |
| Tenn 6 " | 91½ | 92 |
| " 5 " coupon | — | 80 |
| Kentucky 6 pr ct | — | 104½ |
| Missouri " | 99½ | — |
| Ohio " 1856 | 103 | — |
| N Carolina 6 pr ct | 98 | 98½ |
| Virginia " | 97½ | — |
| Ind State 5 pr ct | 88 | — |
| Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds | 91½ | 92 |
| N Y City, 872-5 | 104 | 106 |
| BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA. | | |
| North America | 132 | — |
| Philadelphia | 117½ | 120 |
| Far & Mec | 55½ | 56 |
| Commercial | — | 49 |
| N Liberty | — | 61 |
| Mechanics | 26½ | 27 |
| Southwark | 29 | — |
| P Township | 35 | 35½ |
| Kensington | 64 | 65 |
| Girard | 45½ | 45½ |
| Western | 63 | 64 |
| Man & Mec | 28 | 29 |
| Commerce | — | 70 |
| Tradesman's | 63½ | — |
| City | 41 | — |
| Consolidation | — | 24 |
| Commonwealth | — | 24½ |
| Corn Exchange | 20½ | — |
| Germantown | — | 58 |
| Pittsburg, Pitt'bg | 58 | — |
| Exchange " | 58 | — |
| Kentucky, Ky | 113 | — |
| Northern " | 104 | — |
| Louisville " | — | — |
| Farmers " | — | — |
| Union, Nash, Tenn | — | 95 |
| Planters " | — | 100 |
| N O Gas Light | 102 | — |
| Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg | 7 | 7½ |
| Washington Gas Light Co | 25½ | — |
| Lehigh Zinc | — | — |
| New Creek | — | 1 |
| New Grenada | — | 1 |
| N America Ins'co | — | — |
| N Libertine Gas | — | 30½ |
| Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds | — | 84½ |
| | 85 | 87 |
| RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS. | | |
| Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds | 99½ | 100 |
| 2nd " | 86½ | 87 |
| stock | 56½ | 57 |
| Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864 | — | 95 |
| stock | 124 | — |
| Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70 | — | 85 |
| mort 6's '44 | — | 93 |
| '66 | 61 | 69 |
| stock | 19½ | 19½ |
| Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct | 88 | 90 |
| stock | — | 40 |
| Phil, Wil & Balt stock | 32 | 36 |
| 6 pr ct loan, '60 | 92½ | — |
| Ches Val R R, '73 | 38½ | — |
| Tioga R R, '75 | — | 85 |
| Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort | 52½ | 54 |
| 2nd " | 14½ | 15 |
| stock | 9 | 11 |
| Catawissa | 1 | 1½ |
| Beaver Meadow stock | 56½ | — |
| preferred 10 pr ct | 20 | — |
| North Penn's R R stock | 8½ | 8½ |
| 6 pr ct loan | 82 | — |
| Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off | 49½ | 50 |
| 6 pr ct loan | 97 | 102½ |
| Minehill R R | 57½ | 58 |
| Har & Lan R R stock | 57½ | — |
| bonds '69 | 90 | — |
| L. Schuylkill R R stock | 14 | 16 |
| Long Island R R stock | 11 | 11½ |
| bonds | 83 | 85 |
| Erie R R stock | — | — |
| Hudson River R R | — | — |
| N Y Central | 80½ | — |
| Michigan Central | 47½ | 48½ |
| Illinois | 87½ | — |
| Mich Sou Southern | 17½ | — |
| CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS. | | |
| Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '62 | 65½ | 67 |
| imp, 6 pr ct | 77½ | 78 |
| stock | 7 | 7½ |
| preferred | — | — |
| Lehigh Nav stock | — | — |
| mort 6 pr ct | 100 | 101 |
| scrip | 24 | 25 |
| Morris Consol'd | 48½ | 50 |
| preferred | 105 | 107 |
| Ches & Del bonds | 40 | — |
| | 77½ | — |
| Union bonds | 1 | — |
| | 2 | 3 |
| Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878 | 27 | 29 |

## BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

*Philadelphia, Jan. 28, 1860.*

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
DELAWARE
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
MARYLAND.
Baltimore ¼ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis
NEW YORK.
Sol bks par to ¼ dis
MAINE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
VERMONT.
Solv bks ¼ dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks ¼ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ¼ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ¼ dis
VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ¾ to 1 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks 1¼ to 1½ dis
GEORGIA.
Solv bks 1 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks 1 dis
ALABAMA.
Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solv bks 1 dis
OHIO.
Solv bks 1 to 1¼ dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
INDIANA.
State bank 1 to 1¼ dis
ILLINOIS.
Solv bks 4 dis
MISSOURI.
Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
TENNESSEE.
Old bks 3½ dis
MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 3 dis
WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 4 dis
TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston — dis
CANADA.
Solv bks 1 dis

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### WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—Holders of Flour are firm in their views, but the demand both for export and home use is limited, and the market without any quotable change, the transactions for shipment reaching about 5000 bbls in lots at $5,50@5,75 for mixed and good straight superfine, the latter for Brandywine; $5,75@6 for extras; $6,12½@6,62½ for family, including 400 bbls, on terms kept private; 400 bbls middlings at $4@4,25, and fancy lots at $7@7,50 ₩ bbl, the latter on time, without interest. The sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent within the above range of prices, according to brand and quality, the market closing very quiet, and straight superfine rather scarce at our lowest figures. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are not inquired for, and very dull at $4,25 for the former, and $3,75 ₩ bbl for the latter.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat continue light, but most of the mills being pretty well supplied, the demand has been limited, and prices at the close rather lower, sales reaching about 15,000 bus, in lots, at $1,33@1,36 for fair to choice reds, chiefly at $1,34 for prime Pennsylvania and Southern, in store and afloat, and $1,40@1,50 for some small lots of fair to good and prime white, the market leaving off dull. Rye steady at 93c for Pennsylvania, and but little offering or selling. Corn has been in moderate request only, and prices are barely maintained, the sales including 20,000 bus, at 75@76c for dry yellow, in store and afloat, and white at 70@73c. Oats have been rather dull, and only some 10,000 bus found buyers at 42@43c for Delaware, and 44@46c for fair to prime heavy Pennsylvania. Of Barley further sales of New York State have been made at 80c, and Barley Malt at 90c@$1, the latter on time.

PROVISIONS—Holders are firmer in their views, but there is very little movement in the hog product generally. Sales of some 500 bbls Pork are reported at $17 for old Western mess; $17,50 for new do, and $18 ₩ bbl for packed, cash and time. City mess Beef sells slowly at $14@15 ₩ bbl. Of dressed Hogs the receipts and sales are light at $6,75@7 the 100 lbs. Of Bacon, the sales are also limited, at 11@12½c for plain and fancy Hams; 9½@10c for Sides, and 7½@8c for Shoulders. Green Meats are selling as wanted at 10@10½c for Hams; 8½@9c for Sides; and 8½@7c for Shoulders, in salt. Of Lard, the sales are also limited at 10½@11c for bbls and tierces, and 11½@11½c for kegs; a sale of 500 kegs was made at the former figures. Butter moves off slowly at 10@12c for solid, and 14@16c for roll. Cheese is quiet, but steady, at 10@11c ₩ lb. Eggs are somewhat scarce, and worth 21c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—There has been a fair inquiry from manufacturers, but the firmness of holders has had a tendency to limit operations, and only about 950 bales have found buyers, this week, in lots, at equal to 12½c cash for middling fair Uplands, including pickings at 6½c, and from 10½ to 13½ for low grade to middling and middling fair Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time.

BARK—There is very little Quercitron offering, and 1st No 1 is scarce and wanted at an advance on previous rates, all in the market having been taken at $29@30 ₩ ton, closing at the latter price. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark, and quotations the same.

BEESWAX continues in good demand, and scarce at 35c ₩ lb.

COAL—Prices are unchanged, and there is some little selling to go South, but orders are scarce, *and the market is pretty much at a stand still*, with a moderate business only to note to supply the home trade; the receipts, however, are light.

COFFEE—Holders are firm in their views, but the demand continues limited, and only some 2500 bags Rio have been disposed of at from 11½ to 12½c for fair to good and prime quality, on time.

COPPER—Holders of English Sheathing and Yellow Metal are asking an advance on previous quotations, but there is little or nothing doing in the way of sales. American Yellow Metal is unchanged.

FEATHERS are rather scarce, but the demand for them is limited at 48@50c for Western, of good and prime quality, as to lots.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₩ lb $2@2,56; Rocky Mt., $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin, 15@20c; Nutria do, 30@45c; Raccoon do, 25@60c.

FRUIT—The sales are moderate at 6@6½c for Dried Apples, and 9@12c for unpared Peaches, which are scarce, as is quality: pared do are bringing 13@16c ₩ lb; Green Apples are getting scarce and command $3@4; Cranberries sell slowly at from $6 to 13 ₩ bbl, as to condition.

HEMP is quiet, and no transactions of any moment have come under our notice.

HIDES—There is very little doing in any kind; sales of some 3000 dry Caracas hides, however, are reported on terms kept private.

HOPS are moving off rather more freely at from 13 to 17c ₩ lb for Eastern and Western, the latter for prime, which are scarce.

IRON—There is very little inquiry for Pig Metal for future delivery, and the market continues dull, the sales being confined to store lots at about previous quotations. Some 1500 tons, mostly No. 1 Anthracite, have been taken on terms kept private. Scotch Pig is held at $25, 6 mos., but we hear of no sales. Nothing doing in Blooms or Boiler Plates, and prices rule about the same. In rails there is rather more doing, but without any change to note in quotations. Nails are moving off about as usual, at steady rates.

LEAD is firm, and Pig Lead rather scarce; a sale of 500 pigs Galena was made at $5,90 the 100 lbs, cash.

LEATHER—The market has been rather dull this week, but without any change to note in prices.

LUMBER—The active season being over, the only sales we hear of are 400,000 English Lathe at $2, and 10,000 Pickets at $7 ₩ M.

MOLASSES continues dull, but most of the recent arrivals of New Orleans, some 1400 bbls have been taken previously at 50@51c, on time.

PLASTER—There is nothing doing, and quotations are nominally unchanged.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed has fallen off, and prices are unsettled and lower, and inferior, of which the bulk of the stock consists, is not wanted. Sales comprise some 3500 bushels, in lots, mostly at $5@5,25 for fair to good and prime seed, including inferior at $4,25@4,75, and 800 bags, from second hands, at 8½@8½c ₩ lb. Timothy is wanted, and selling in a small way, on arrival, at from $2,25@2,62½ ₩ bushel, as in quality. Domestic Flaxseed is taken as wanted at $1,58@1,60 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy and Gin, and no change to note in the prices of either. N E Rum is steady at 36c. Whiskey continues unsettled and drooping; sales ranging at 23½@24c for Penna bbls, 24@25c for Western do, 22@23c for drudge, and 23@23½c for hhds, closing at the lowest figures.

SUGARS are quiet, the want of stock having a tendency to limit operations, and only about 150 hhds New Orleans have been disposed of in lots at from 7½ to 8½c, on the usual credit. 4500 bags Brazil also sold at 7½c, on time.

TALLOW is selling in a small way only at 10½c ₩ lb for city rendered.

TOBACCO—The trade are purchasing to a moderate extent at about previous quotations, and the market is rather more active.

WOOL—There is very little animation in the market, and the transactions are mostly in a small way at about previous quotations. Among the sales we notice 10,000 lbs Mestizo at 27½c ₩ lb.

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## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday, Jan. 24th, at the residence of Mrs. Ann Hertzog, by the Rev. W. J. R. Taylor, FREDERICK R. WILKINSON, of Trenton, N. J. to HANNAH S. FOLWELL, of this city.

On the 28th of March, 1859, by the Rev. Newton Heston, Mr. BYRON LEIDY, to Mrs. HARRIET E. TICKELL, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, on the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. M. Winston, Mr. JONATHAN T. LEWIS, to Miss REBECCA M. GIRARD, both of this city.

At the University, on the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Granberry, Mr. BENJAMIN R. SWERT, of Burlington, New Jersey, to Miss R. WINFIELD, daughter of Reuben and Mary Winfield, of Albermarle county, Va.

Nov. 24th, 1859, by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, MICHAEL HORNER, M. D. to MARY IRELAND, both of this city.

On the 28th of Dec. 1859, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, at Cohocksink M. E. Church Parsonage, Mr. JOHN W. STILES, of Bridgeton, N. J. to Miss SARAH LONABAUGH, of this city.

On the 22d of Jan. 1860, by the Rev. Benj. T. Sewell, Mr. JAMES L. MOLINEAUX, to Miss ELIZABETH MAXWELL, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the morning of the 25th ultimo, GARRIGUES JOHNS, in his 26th year.

At London, England, on the 4th of Jan. Mrs MARIA R. OLWINE, aged 60 years, widow of the late Anthony W. Olwine, late Prothonotary of Philadelphia, and mother of J. Wayne Olwine, Esq.

On the evening of the 19th ultimo, after a lingering illness, BENJ. BLANCHARD, in his 61st year.

On the afternoon of the 19th ultimo, at Tacony, AMY P. wife of Edward Middleton, in her 47th year.

On Thursday, the 19th ultimo, Mr. CHARLES BANKS, in his 71st year. Also, on Sunday morning, the 22d ultimo, Mrs. PHEBE BANKS, his wife, in her 68th year.

On the evening of the 21st ultimo, Mr. JAS. GRAHAM.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET BRUMAKER, in her 93d year. Baltimore, Louisville, and California papers please copy.

On the morning of the 22d ultimo, ELIZABETH V. wife of B. F. Mendenhall, in her 40th year.

On the morning of the 22d ultimo, JOHN K. HART, in his 37th year.

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JOHN M

# Wit and Humor.

Great Men Always Know Each Other.—When Mr. Clay visited Hopkinsville, Kentucky, the first year of the administration of John Quincy Adams, to defend himself against the charge of "bargain, intrigue, and corruption," he was called upon by his friends at a large and spacious saloon. Dr. H———, then of that place, and a great friend of Mr. Clay, was by his side, presenting him to his numerous friends as they come forward. Presently the Doctor saw the tall form of the eccentric Governor Pittaur enter the door of the saloon. Instantly he embraced the opportunity to point him out to Mr. C., and then whispered to him that that tall man at the door "is Governor Pittaur, of Pond River, a most worthy friend of yours, whom you must know without an introduction; and you must be certain, before he leaves, to wish that he may never have another invasion of squirrels." Thus posted, Mr. Clay stood his ground in the centre of the saloon, while the Governor, unconscious of the innocent trick, approached him by degrees, and saying, as he came,

"Don't introduce me to Mr. Clay; he will know me, and I shall know him; for great men know each other on sight."

The Governor looked everywhere but in the right place; asked, as he passed on:

"Where *is* the god-like man?" and saying, "I shall know him on sight; for great men like us never fail to know each other. I beg of you, gentlemen, not to introduce us; *we* will know each other, though we have never seen each other. You say he is in this room; good—I shall find him!" and away he stalked toward the place where Mr. Clay stood.

Presently he drew himself up to his loftiest height upon beholding Mr. Clay, and eyed him for some time in unutterable admiration. Mr. Clay stepped forward with his blandest smile, and sweetest voice, and exclaimed,

"How are you, Governor Pittaur, of *Pond River?* I am rejoiced to see you."

"Hear that!" said the Governor; "didn't I tell you that he would know me, and that Pittaur would know him? Yes, yes, gentlemen, he is the greatest man that lives!"

After cordially shaking hands, and telling a few of his happy jokes, Mr. Clay said,

"My dear Governor, I wish that you may live a thousand years, that health may abound throughout your wide domain, and that you may never have another invasion of squirrels."

"Bless me!" said the Governor, "did you hear that? How did he know that my people lost their entire crop of corn last year by squirrels? Bless my soul, he knows everything!—Wonderful! wonderful! I always told you he was the greatest man in the world—*didn't I, boys?*"

And the Governor left in a state of perfect admiration of the great statesman.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Mayor Wants to See Thee.—A young man, a nephew, had been to sea; and on his return, he was narrating to his uncle an adventure which he had met on board a ship.

"I was one night leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the mighty ocean," said the nephew, whom we will call William, "when my gold watch fell from my fob and immediately sunk out of sight. The vessel was going ten knots an hour; but nothing daunted, I sprung over the rail, down, down, and, after a long search, found it, came up close under the stern, and climbed back to the deck, without any one knowing I had been absent."

"William," said his uncle, slightly elevating his broad brim and opening his eyes to their widest capacity, "how fast did thee say the vessel was going?"

"Ten knots, uncle."

"And thee dove down into the sea, and came up with the watch, and climbed up by the rudder chains?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And thee expects me to believe thy story?"

"Of course! You wouldn't dream of calling me a liar, would you, uncle?"

"William," replied the uncle, gravely; "thee knows I never calls anybody names; but, William, if the Mayor of the city were to come to me, and say, 'Josiah, I want thee to find the biggest liar in all Philadelphia,' I would come straight to thee, and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, '*William, the Mayor wants to see thee.*'"

Rather Greedy.—A scene occurred at our depot, writes a Missouri friend, the other day which, for cool impudence, I have seldom seen paralleled. I was standing there on the arrival of the St. Louis packet, when a gentleman came up and addressed a man standing close by me, and evidently a stranger to him, with the common Western question,

"Do you use tobacco?"

"Yes, sir," he graciously replied, and producing a plug of the hugest dimensions, he handed it to the applicant, who, taking out his knife, cut off about one-fifth of it, with the observation,

"There's tobacco enough for any man, ain't there?"

"Well, I should think there was," was the indignant reply.

"Very well, you take it, then," he coolly observed, and handing him the small piece, he put the plug in his pocket and walked away."

Taking an Invitation.—There used to be a worthless drunken fellow named Dick, who wandered about the small village of Moon, a nuisance to every one, but he was pitied and borne with on account of his good-humor and cool impudence. He chanced in at the house of Deacon Derby one cold wintry morning just as the family had sat down to breakfast. The Deacon purposely abstained from asking him to the table, and he stood warming himself at the fire-place for some time without any one saying a word to him, looking very longingly at the table, in the meanwhile. At last the old Deacon looked up and said,

"It's pretty cold out doors, ain't it, Dick?"

"Thank you," briskly replied Dick; "I don't care if I do!" and drawing a chair to the table, he made a breakfast with a great deal of gusto and a great deal of *dis*-gusto on the part of the Deacon."

Not Green.—Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, an Irishman, William Patterson, left Erin's green isle to find a home in America. Having friends in the region of Fair Haven, Ohio, he made his way thither. Taking dinner one day at the house of Dr. P———, he was treated to the American dish, wholly new to him, of green corn in the ear. Unwilling, however, to be thought *green* himself, or being anxious to display unusual sagacity, after having eagerly devoured the savory corn, his appetite still unappeased, he passed up the despoiled cob, with the very natural request,

"Plase put some more *pase* on my *stick!*"

A Doubtful Question.—When the learned John Selden was a member of the assembly of divines at Westminster, who were appointed to new model religion, he delighted to puzzle them by curious quibbles. Once they were gravely engaged in determining the exact distance from Jerusalem to Jericho; and one of them, to prove that it could not be great, observed that fish were carried from one place to another. On which Selden observed,

"Perhaps it was *salt fish*," and again threw the assembly into doubt.

☞ "I do not think, madam, that any man of the least sense would approve your conduct," said an indignant husband. "Sir," retorted his better half, "how can you judge what any man of the least sense would do?"

SOME GOOD AT LAST.

Amateur Skater.—"Entirely my own idea, Harry,—ease, elegance and safety combined. I call it the 'Skater's Friend.'"

# Agricultural.

## NEW AND VALUABLE PLANTS.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

*Messrs. Editors:*—Presuming you to be advocates of Horticultural improvements, we ask the favor to communicate through the medium of your extensive and valuable journal, in regard to several rare and valuable vegetables or plants, our experiments, cultivation, and preparation of the same. I think if there was a more general correspondence with farmers through the medium of the press, and their experience more generally imparted to each other with regard to new and rare varieties of plants, their good or bad qualities, &c., the community would be much benefited thereby.

We have grown, with good success, the following varieties, for the two past seasons, and deem them worthy of general cultivation:—*The Japan Apple-Pie Melon.* It is stated in a California paper that the seed of this melon was recently introduced into that State, from one of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, and that they are cultivated with good success in California, attaining the weight of from 45 to 50 lbs., and are highly esteemed as a luxury for pies, and sell readily in the market of San Francisco at sixpence per lb.

We obtained a package of the seed in the spring of 1858, from a friend who resides in California, and have had good success in their cultivation; we have now (Jan. 15th) specimens *eighteen* inches in length, *weighing* from 30 to 40 lbs., as sound and fresh as when gathered from the vines. They are cylindrical in shape; color, when ripe, a yellowish, golden tint; flesh very fine and close-grained; color of seeds, a darkish green. They are very hardy, and easy of culture; plant on good soil, some ten feet apart, leaving two, or at the most, three plants in each hill; after the fruit has set, pinch off the top of the vines, and prune off some of the lateral vines; without pruning, the vines extend some 15 or 20 feet with many branches or laterals, which cover the ground too densely, causing the fruit to be more imperfect.

To prepare them for pies, &c., peel and cut up the melon small, taking out the seeds, soft pulp, &c. Put them in a preserving kettle, with just water enough to keep them from burning, and stew over a tolerably brisk fire for three or four hours, or until the whole is reduced to a pulpy mass, and free from lumps. You have thus a substance resembling green apples stewed; and by adding sugar and a little lemon, or tartaric acid, and making up with crust in the usual way, we have a pie equal, if not superior, to an apple pie. If you desire a pumpkin or custard pie of the melons, stew as above directed, but *omit* the *acids*, and bring the mass to the proper richness and consistency by adding sugar, milk and eggs. Little of either of these ingredients will be found necessary—only sufficient to give the color and flavor. For a mince or meat pie, we prefer them to any apple; prepare the same as for the apple, by chopping fine. For preserves, cut the melon across, in slices about an inch thick, take out the softest of the core, peel and cut up the slices in sizes most convenient to serve at table; put them in a preserving kettle, set over the fire, and pour on boiling water to cover, and let it heat gently for three hours. Then take out the pieces carefully, so as not to break them, and lay them in a pan of cold water. Make a syrup of 1 lb. of sugar to 1 lb. of fruit, (weighing before boiling,) using a pint of water to a pound of sugar, and put the fruit in this syrup, and boil again until it is clear—from three to five hours. When about half done, put in sliced lemons—say one lemon to each pound of fruit. We have thus a preserve made of this melon superior to any other fruit we have tested. For sauce, pare and slice like apples, and put into the stew-tin; add a little extract of lemon, and sweeten to your taste. If gathered when ripe, and kept in a cool, dry place, free from frost, these melons will keep sound and good for a year, and are more valuable on that account, as we have them at hand, fresh and good, at any time of the year.

We have also had good success in growing the "Hubbard Squash." This squash, which has been but recently introduced, is universally ranked, by all who have tested it, as far superior in quality to any other variety of the squash family. They excel in flavor and fineness of the flesh any squash we ever tasted. They are very thick-shelled, and are in prime order for cooking from November, and will keep until March. They should be cooked with the shell on.

The "Peejee Tomato." The seed of this tomato, recently introduced from one of the Feejee Islands, we have grown for the two past seasons, and find it superior to any other variety. It is early, and the fruit more solid, less seeds, smoother surface, and of good quality. Having a surplus of seeds of the above varieties on hand, which may prove of value to those who wish to cultivate them, I am willing to send, by mail, a package of each or any of the above varieties to whoever may desire it, asking only a sufficiency of stamps to pay the expense of putting up the seeds, and postage.

L. NORRIS.

*Windsor, Ashtabula, Co., Ohio.*

## LUCK IN PIGS.

We often hear it remarked, even by farmers, "I never have any luck in raising pigs. I have tried a great many times, but sometimes my sow would die—a total loss of ship and cargo; sometimes she would eat her pigs as soon as dropped; sometimes, notwithstanding all the pains I could take, she would prove barren; and sometimes the pigs would do well a little while and then begin to die off one at a time. I never had any luck, and have given up trying. I had rather buy my pigs; it is the cheapest for me. My neighbor, Mr. A——— B———, raises a nice litter every year. He is *dreadful* lucky in pigs. *I* never had any luck, and will never try again. It's no use."

Well, I suppose that we may as well give in that it is all in luck; but it is mighty profitable luck to the lucky fellow who can have the luck to raise from eight to twelve pigs from a young sow, each spring, and sell them for from two-and-a-half to three dollars each at four weeks old, and make four hundred pounds of pork from the sow in the fall. His pork comes cheap, especially if he keeps his sow on the manure heap. Lucky fellow, he. He must have been born under a lucky constellation. Or, possibly, he may be naturally hoggish himself and have a sympathy for the swinish multitude.

Perhaps a few ideas from one of the lucky kind will be acceptable to some of your readers. We shall divide this important subject, and treat of it under three distinct heads:

1. Selection of the breeder.
2. Her education.
3. Keeping.

First. In selecting the pig to raise for a breeder, count the teats. One with twelve fully developed teats, will infallibly be prolific and a good nurse—good for milk and careful of her young. Fourteen teats should be preferred; but never try to raise pigs from a sow with less than ten good teats. I risk my swinish character on the correctness of this rule.

Secondly. We now come to one of the most important points in the rearing of all animals, especially the hog, viz.: education. I do not mean that it is absolutely necessary that your swinish breeder should be taught to read—though I am not prepared to say she is not capable of learning even that; but I do mean to say, that she should be so petted as to become fond of the person who has the care of her, and thus lose the natural ferocity of her kind, and not be disturbed by his presence when she brings forth her young.

Thirdly. It now remains to offer a few observations in keeping. The provident will make the animal earn half her living in manufacturing manure. At all events, she should have sufficient space and exercise to insure good health and the use of her limbs. If she can occasionally have an out-door run, and a chance to root the ground, it will be beneficial. Give a sufficiency of food to keep in good flesh and growing, with a sufficiency but not an excess of salt, and an abundance of drink. Keep warm in the winter and cool in the summer. A pailful of cold water, occasionally dashed on to the animal on a hot day, is very reviving and conducive to good health. The hog goes with young sixteen weeks. They seldom vary twenty-four hours from that time. The food should be gradually increased as much as eight weeks before they bring forth. For two days after, she should have no food except a little thin warm gruel, not to exceed half a pint a day of meal. She should have all the warm water she will take, which will sometimes be two pailsful in a day. This is very essential, as it helps the flow of milk and prevents fever. You may now gradually increase the feed till the pigs are two weeks old, when she should be full fed. If you have no better feed, good Indian meal, mixed with milk, will answer very well, if you give enough and feed regularly. The pigs should be taught to eat with their mother as young as two weeks, which may be done by having a broad shallow trough, and gently putting them into it when the mother is eating.

By pursuing the foregoing course, I have not failed once for the last thirty years, when I have tried, in raising a healthy litter of pigs. Some years of the thirty I have not kept a sow, but have often raised two or three litters in a year. I am considered one of the lucky kind. By trying this plan, and avoiding breeding in-and-in, some of the unlucky ones may possibly change their luck.—J. H. Willard, *in Maine Farmer.*

## GROWING AND CURING TOBACCO.

A correspondent of Sheridan, N. Y., asks how to cure tobacco. I will give him the farmers' mode here, as it differs from the way you proposed, and I think it the best. I have been raising tobacco for ten years, and have always had good luck in curing it, and I will give you a description how we fix our barns. Put poles in them four feet apart, and make tobacco sticks four feet long. Cut your tobacco, split the main stalk to within two or three inches of where you intend to cut it off, set it down, invert astride of the ridge of the row until it begins to wilt; then lot it up in a hill, and drive up two forks, and lay up your tobacco stick in the forks. Then hang the tobacco astride of the stick, and put on from ten to fifteen plants, according to the size. Then hang in the barn, or on a scaffold if too far to take to the barn. The way we build a scaffold is to take a good stout pole, say twelve feet long, rest one end on a stump, if convenient, some four feet high, raise the other end up level with two forks; then put on the end of the tier poles four feet apart; then raise the other end with two forks, and hang the sticks of tobacco on the scaffold, crowding them up as close as you can, but not to bruise them.

Great care should be taken in handling tobacco when green, or it will bruise, which will spoil the leaf. Tobacco scaffolded out in the sun will yellow quicker than that which is hung in the barn, and it needs the greatest attention. When it begins to turn yellow, look at it every day, and as soon as you see the lower corner begin to turn a brownish color, open it on the scaffold, or take it to the barn and hang it up so that it will not touch. Now for the color you want it. If you want a dark brown, start your fire a little, a mere smoke for two or three days, then make it hotter gradually, until it is cured up. If you want what is called *fancy tobacco*,—like Jacob's cattle, ring-streaked,—you must cut it at about the color you want it; then put on the fire, and cure it up quick. A great many people don't fire any: but fire a little if you can.

Stripping is a pretty nice job—to assort it right, the large leaves should be put by themselves, and the small ones in a different pile. The different colors also should be kept separate. Sweating we don't do, as we always sell it by hand to what is termed a tobacco buyer, who buys up from 100 to 200 hogsheads, and presses it for market.—*Kentucky Correspondent of Rural New Yorker.*

Broken Knees of Horses.—Will you allow me to commend to the notice of your readers the tincture of marigold (*Calendula officinalis*) as a remedy for badly broken knees in horses? I am not aware that the use of *Calendula* in such accidents is generally known, but it is really invaluable. Last August I had, through the carelessness of my groom, a valuable mare thrown down; she fell on the hard road and got what is called "a regular mucker;" the knee of her near fore leg was badly and deeply cut, and that of the off leg was cut, but not to so great an extent; the skin was grazed off her nose, and in other respects she was injured. I, and all who saw the mare, thought that her near knee must at anyrate remain blemished; and that in short an animal for which only a few days previously £50 had been refused, would by reason of this accident be worth scarcely one quarter of that sum. Before applying the tincture, I had every particle of grit carefully removed from the knee by means of a sponge and warm water; when this had been done, I saturated some pieces of lint with the *Calendula* lotion, made in the proportion of ten drops of the tincture to two tablespoonfuls of water; on the lint I placed a piece of oilskin cut into the shape of a knee-cap, and this I tied on the broken knee; the lint was kept constantly moist. In the course of three or four days the wound had made wonderful progress towards recovery; the flesh was brought forward, and the surface rapidly became smooth. The knee has now for some time past been perfectly healed, and the hair has grown beautifully on it, without any of that harshness or curling which so commonly disfigures a knee that has been broken. I would defy any one to tell that the mare had been down. Arnica is a famous remedy, I know, for broken knees, but where the mischief done has been great, and the cut deep, I do not believe there is anything like the tincture of calendula.—*London Field.*

The Emperor's Gift.—The Emperor Joseph II. was in the habit of walking about incognito. One morning he went into an elegant coffee-house, and asked for a cup of chocolate. He was plainly dressed, and the waiters, being ignorant of his rank, insolently refused it, saying it was too early. Without making any reply, he walked out, and went into a little coffee-house hard by, and asked for a cup of chocolate. The landlord answered that it should be ready in a moment. While he waited for it, he walked up and down, and was conversing on different subjects, when the landlord's daughter, a very pretty girl, made her appearance. The Emperor wished her good-day; and observed to the father that it was high time a flower in full bloom should marry before it faded. "Ah!" replied the honest old man, "if I had but a thousand crowns, I could marry her to a fine young man who is very fond of her; but, sir, the chocolate is ready." The Emperor called for a pen, ink, and paper; the girl ran to fetch them, when he gave her an order on his banker for the thousand crowns.

A Wife's Prayer.—If there is anything that comes nearer to the imploration of Naomi than the subjoined, then we have not seen it: Lord, bless and preserve that dear person whom thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer in all his sorrows; a meet helper in all the accidents and changes in the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes, and forever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity and compliance. Keep me from ungentleness, all discontentedness and unreasonableness of passion and humor; and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed Word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever. Amen.

☞ While resident for awhile at the village of Box, in Wiltshire, Coleridge lodged at a grocer's, and discovered one day to his dismay that his room lay over a barrel of gunpowder. Expostulation with the owner of the house not prevailing to remove the dangerous article, Coleridge prepared to remove himself. The servant maid, who had learnt to venerate their eccentric guest, now entreated him to reconsider his determination. "Do you think, Mary, I can sleep in a place where I am in momentary danger of blowing up?" "I thought, sir," said Mary, "that it was the shot, and not the powder, that hurt people." "So should I think, Mary, were I a little bird."

☞ No Wonder!—The women in India, at the first running of a locomotive on the new Madras Railroad, made reverential *salaams* to it, as to a superior being! Natives had been stationed with signal-flags on the route; but, on the approach of the fearful new monster, they threw down the flags and scampered for dear life.

☞ "I am certain, wife, that I am right and that you are wrong; I'll bet my ears on it." "Indeed, husband, you shouldn't carry betting to *such extreme lengths.*"

# Useful Receipts.

Sundry Receipts.—A medical correspondent of The Post sends us the following receipts:—

Tanning Powder.—Wheat flour 20 parts; alum 8 parts; salt 3 parts. Pulverize, mix and rub this compound over the skin after nailing it out tightly. In about two weeks rub the hide together and dress off with a knife.

Oil of Tartar.—In London, England, oil of tartar is thus prepared:—Crude potash of commerce 1½ lbs.; water 1 gallon. It is used by the tavern-keepers for scouring and cleansing the pewter beer measures.

Waterproof Composition, to be applied to saddles, harness, gig aprons, boots and shoes; also, to well ropes, handles of various implements, and, many other uses, may be thus prepared:—Rosin 1 part; lard 2 parts, mix and apply warm, drying it in before the fire.

Liniment for Frostbite.—Tincture of opium, ½ an ounce; spirits of camphor, ½ an ounce; tincture of cantharides, ½ an ounce. Mix and apply as soon as possible. I have found this to be a uniformly successful remedy.

C. E. A., M. D.

Cure for Rheumatism.—Galignani says that Dr. Hartung has successfully applied citric acid to the cure of rheumatism. It is not as expensive as lemon juice, which is recommended by Drs. Rees, Dairymple, Perkins and others. Twenty grammes of the acid in two hundred and fifty of water, administered in the course of from fifteen or thirty-six hours, generally effects a cure in ten or fifteen days. The affected part is wrapped in wadding.

Cooking Rice—Instructions by a Colored Cook.—Wash him well, much wash in cold water, the rice flour make him stick. Water boil already very fast. Throw him in, rice can't burn, water shake too much. Boil quarter of an hour or little more; rub one rice in thumb and finger, if all rub away him quite done. Put rice in colander, hot water run away; pour cup of cold water on him, put back rice in saucepan, keep him covered near the fire, then rice is all ready. Eat him up.

How to Protect Furs from Moths.—The largest emporium for furs is, doubtless, Moscow; and apropos of the last named city, we see it stated by one who was present at the first World's Fair in London, in 1851, when the furs from Moscow for the Exhibition were being unrolled, he observed that each contained a swan's quill, one end of which was tightly corked. On inquiring of the Russian gentleman who had the furs in charge, he was informed that the quills contained liquid quicksilver, and were a certain preventive of the attacks of moths.

# The Riddler.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 45 letters.

My 29, 3, 7, 33, 16, 20, 38, 4, is a celebrated bridge which connects an island in the river Seine with both banks of the river.

My 42, 37, 7, 11, 9, 14, is the largest city in Europe.

My 8, 17, 10, 22, 5, 31, 10, 25, 34, 7, 37, 29, 42, 41, is a city situated on the Sea of Marmora and the Strait of Bosphorus.

My 10, 15, 42, 28, is a river in Egypt.

My 29, 30, 17, 43, 15, 11, 6, 14, 32, 44, is a city situated on Providence river.

My 1, 2, 45, 33, 34, 7, 11, 15, 12, 35, is a group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean.

My 11, 25, 29, 34, 36, 14, is an Isthmus in the Western Hemisphere.

My 4, 25, 21, 28, 27, 2, 41, 41, is a Cape on the Western Hemisphere.

My 7, 17, 30, 18, 24, is a Sea in the Eastern Hemisphere.

My 23, 19, 15, 26, 36, is a river in Soudan, (in Africa.)

My 13, 3, 21, 17, 8, 8, 37, is a country of Africa.

My 5, 36, 14, 7, 6, 40, 35, 41, 44, is one of the United States.

My whole is an old and true saying.

E. D. WRAY.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 4, 5, 13, 8, 3, is a liquid.
My 12, 4, 6, is a bird.
My 10, 5, 6, 14, is very much in use.
My 9, 5, 2, 10, 6, is to lift.
My 13, 12, 4, is a useful animal.
My 9, 5, 1, 11, 5, 6, is a rogue.
My 3, 5, 9, 8, is scarce.
My 1, 12, 7, is a drunkard.
My 12, 7, 14, 12, is an animal valuable for its fur.
My 3, 8, 5, 9, is to raise up.
My 7, 5, 3, 8, is a weed.
My 13, 8, 5, 1, 8, is a torment.
My 8, 5, 14, every body does.
My 6, 8, 13, is to allow.

My whole is to be considered the King of Authors.

Philadelphia. S. H.

### ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY WILL WINDSOR.

In your dwelling you will find my 5, 4, 2.
I dare say you are fond of my 2, 3, 4.
I am certain you 3, 4, 2.
You will say 1, 4, 5, is a nickname.
Perhaps you have been on my 1, 3, 4.
Before you dine you take my 1, 3, 4, 2.
No doubt you will also take my 5, 3, 4, 2.
Fast men generally have my 2, 3, 4, 5.
In your coat you will find my 1, 3, 4, 5.
Every flower has my 1, 2, 3, 5.
Every ship has my 5, 4, 1, 2.
Every man should have my 5, 4, 2, 3.

My whole can transfer you to almost any part of the world.

### PUZZLE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

AAAAAHHHPPNNETZ.

No name of nation or of place
I by these letters mean,
But if they are correctly placed,
My name will then be seen.

These letters now, if you've a mind,
You may in Holy Scripture find;
But when you've searched the volume round,
It only once can there be found.

Naples, Scotts Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

### CHARADE.

My first is a lady in teens,
My second a place underground,
My third any syllable means,
In my whole variety's found.

### ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A set out from the city of C to travel to the city of D at the same time that B left D for C. When A had travelled 20 hours, he was *overtaken* by an express, whose speed was equal to his and B's together. B *met* the same express just 40 minutes *before* he came to a river which is 136 miles from D. When B had been travelling 18 hours, he *overtook* a drove whose speed was equal to the difference between his and A's. A *met* the drove just 30 minutes *after* he passed a village known to be 81 miles from where B *overtook* the drove. The express met the drove just 6 hours *before* A met B. Required—the distance from C to D, and the hourly speed of A and B?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

### MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Given the chord of the arc of a divided circle to be 40, and the measure over the arc is 60; required the versed sine thereof. X.

### CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is Barclay's brewery like a Jewish tavern? Ans.—Hebrews drink there. (He brews.)

☞ If a tough beefsteak could speak, what English poet would it name? Ans.—Chaucer. (Chaw, sir.)

☞ Why is an uncut leg of bacon like Hamlet in his soliloquy? Ans.—It is ham let alone. (Hamlet alone.)

☞ Why is an angry man like fifty-nine minutes past twelve? Ans.—He is just ready to strike one.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah by fire. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Atlantic Telegraph. RIDDLE—The Letter A. RIDDLE—Wring (ring—gin—in.) CHARADE—Tar-tar. ANAGRAMS—Antelope—Lamb—Elephant—Camel—Weasel—Panther—Hare—Hippopotamus—Leopard—Ape. GEOMETRICAL Problem—182 rods.

☞ The Points of the Compass.—A member of the Board: Mr. Drock, how many points has the compass, sir? Middy: The compass, sir? Well sir, the compass—allow me to reflect a moment, sir! Ah, yes. The compass, sir, has—yes! It depends entirely upon the size of the instrument, sir.